

Leatherneck

JULY 1953

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c





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Guided Missiles Division, Wyandanch, L. I., N. Y.

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LEATHERNECK, JULY, 1953

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WEST COAST REPRESENTATIVE: MSgt. J. W. Richardson.

FAR EASTERN STAFF: MSgts. Robert T. Fugate and Harold B. Wells.



FIRST TO LAND

Dear Editor:

I am seeking information in relation to who made the initial landing on Guadalcanal.

I am a veteran of the Second Marine Division and I have gotten into a rather heated argument with a friend. I informed him that the First Marine Division made the beachhead, and along with units of the Second Marine Division, drove inland many miles before Army troops arrived.

My friend contends that an Army unit made the beachhead and was relieved after a considerable period by the Corps.

Now, I would appreciate it very much if you will straighten us out, that's why I am writing you in the hopes that you will supply us with an authoritative answer at the earliest possible date.

Thank you,

Vernon Chandler

Maysville, Ky.

● Records at Historical Section, HQMC, show that the First Marine Division, Reinforced, landed and established a beachhead on Guadalcanal August 7, 1942. The first U. S. Army troops, the 164th Infantry Regiment, landed on October 13, 1942, and were attached to the First Marine Division.

On December 9, 1942, command of troops ashore on Guadalcanal passed from Major General A. A. Vandegrift, USMC, Commanding General, First Marine Division, to Major General A. M. Patch, USA, senior Army officer present and Commanding General, Americal Division.

The Second and Eighth Marines re-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

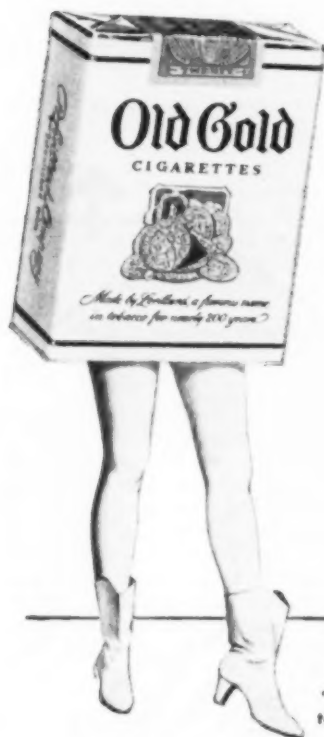
ON the fifth of July, Pfc Bristow requested a transfer back to the lines. Reason: "Well, suh, ah figger it'd be a mite safer." Cover by Sgt. Charles Beveridge.

No wild medical pitches!

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a Treatment!

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and King Size*



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and enjoy the smoking treat that has made OLD GOLD sales grow at a rate twice as fast as the entire cigarette industry for the past seven years.

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shake it on
every
morning
then . . .

every step
of the day

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Soothes,
cools
tired
feet!



SOUND OFF

[continued from page 2]

mained on Guadalcanal until the latter part of January, 1943, after being relieved on the front lines by the Sixth Marines and Army units. The Sixth Marines participated in the drive up the coast of Guadalcanal until January 30, 1943, when they were relieved by an Army regiment. The Sixth then furnished security detachments for the flank and rear of the Army regiment until organized resistance ceased on February 9, 1943. —Ed.

WE'RE SORRY

Dear Sir:

The purpose of this letter is to call your attention to an error which I and the men of this regiment feel should not be overlooked.

On page 60 of the March, 1953, issue, under the caption "Inauguration Day 1953," it was stated that veteran Marines carried the Colors of the First,

Fifth and Seventh Marines, and Colors of the First Marine Aircraft Wing, Marine Aircraft Group-33 and Marine Air Control Group-2.

Nowhere is it mentioned that the Colors of the Eleventh Marines were present and in the Inaugural Parade, however, we of the Eleventh know that our Colors were there and took their rightful place among other units of the First Marine Division.

I hope that you will make a correction of this error in an early issue of our fine magazine.

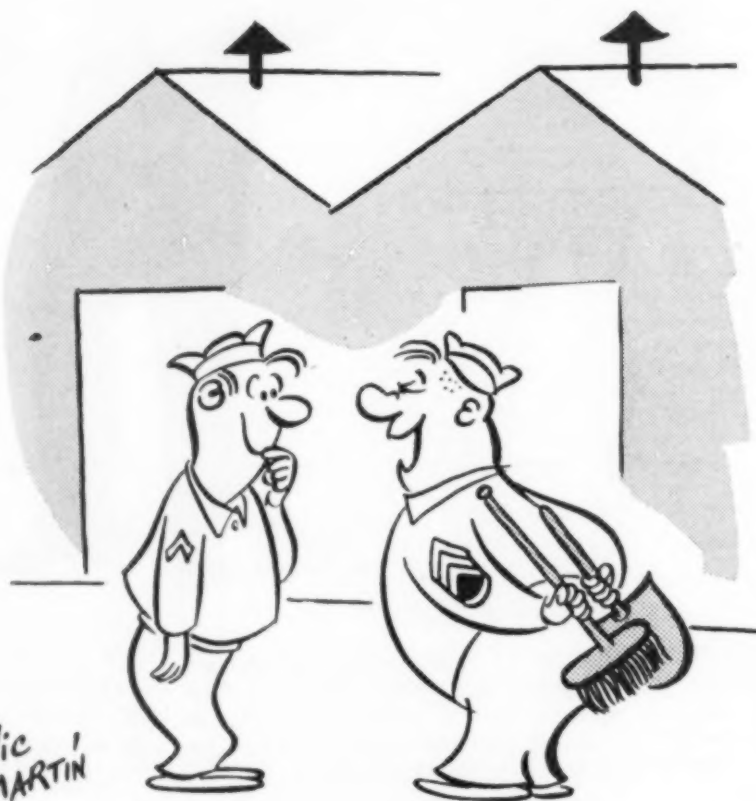
MSgt. Joseph D. Sharpe
Regimental Sergeant Major
11th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Leatherneck sincerely regrets the error. We had no intention of slighting the Eleventh Marines. —Ed.

RESERVE PAY

Dear Sir:

Can you tell me if my husband, who is a disabled veteran drawing pension, will be eligible for his 20 years Officer Reserve pay when he becomes 60? We wonder if this comes under two pays from the same agency, or will we have



"Which hand do you want?"

a choice of whichever is larger?

Name withheld by request

● Any member (or former member) of the Marine Corps Reserve who has completed 20 years of satisfactory service will, upon reaching the age of 60, be eligible for retirement pay as computed under provisions of Public Law 810.

Personnel are not entitled to draw benefits from both the Marine Corps and Veterans Administration. Retired veterans may, however, choose to receive whichever pension is larger.—Ed.

CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR

Dear Sir:

My friend and I were discussing the privileges of a Congressional Medal of Honor winner and we disagreed on quite a few points. Would you enumerate the advantages and privileges gained by a person so honored?

Cpl. Louis Scoby
Div. P. O. U-8

1st Mar. Div., FMF
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● The information you desire can be found in Paragraph 20050, Marine Corps Manual.—Ed.

BATTLE STARS

Dear Editor:

An argument has arisen in this command as to how battle stars are to be worn on the combat ribbon. Two of us claim that the stars are to be worn with one point down and two points up. Just what is the correct procedure on this?

Pfc J. B. Gordon
N.A.S. Navy No. 14

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Paragraph 49205, Marine Corps Manual says: "Stars worn on the suspension ribbon or on the ribbon bar, of decorations and medals, shall be placed so that one ray of each star points down. The first star authorized to be worn upon a ribbon shall be centered upon the ribbon. If more than one star is worn, they shall be placed in a horizontal line close to and symmetrically about the center of the ribbon."—Ed.

PRICE OF RIFLES

Dear Sir:

Several of us are having a discussion about the price of the M-1 and Carbine rifles. We would like to know the price of each rifle.

Sgt. P. H. Williams,
Pfc P. M. Hunt
Signal Company
1st Signal Battalion
1st Marine Div., FMF

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)



A pointer for men

One of New York's most beautiful show girls, Fran Keegan, has a pointer for men who want to get ahead socially. Says Fran, "Nothing drives a girl away faster than a man with perspiration odor. It's careless, it's inconsiderate, and it's unnecessary. Especially when Mennen Spray Deodorant for Men is so quick and easy."

So, men, take this pointer to heart.

Mennen Spray Deodorant for Men is made for men, with these 4 qualities all men want:

1. Checks perspiration fast.
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USMC Ret'd, President

GYRENE GYNGLES

The Second Battle of Chosen

The nights are long, and all the same,
The voices, scenes, and thoughts remain.
God brought me out alive—what for?
To lie here tortured forever more?

Some evenings when the night is still,
My mind recalls that shell-torn hill.
I see the unleashed hand of Death,
And feel its stagnant, unwashed breath.

Machine guns chatter in the gloom,
While bullets bounce across the room.
Mortars whine from out the skies,
To add their shriek to battle cries.

Is this to always be my fate?
Must I spend each night with hate?
Why do shells pound through the night,
And fill my heart with endless fright?

Voices from within me cry,
"Rebel!—Forget!"; and my reply?
"I cannot. My hands are tied,
Visions pass of friends who died."

There is no peace of mind for men,
Who walk the path of memories when
Companions fell beside the way,
To help you live another day.

But heroes come and go so fast,
That deeds of bravery never last.
Except within the hearts of men,
Who never will forget—Chosen!

James M. Perry

Oh Men!

Oh men I decry
Each young or old guy,
As deceitful, untrustworthy bores.
They're cheap and they're mean,
I'd rather be seen
With the species that walk on all fours.

Since Adam they all
Will blame every fall,
Every slip-up they make on their way,
Upon the poor frail
And fragile female,
We're the cause of it all, they all say.

They cheat and they lie
For no reason why,
I'm thoroughly burned up about them;
But try as I will
I can't seem to fill
Their place—or be happy without them!

Catherine E. Berry

Three Sons

Two boys have we in forest green
And one in Air Force blue,
They joined to serve their country's cause
And fight for me and you.

William is in Barstow,
In the small arms shop repair,
He helps to keep our weapons,
A-firing over there.

Rex was in Korea,
And wounded on the Hook;
He'll soon be back in U. S. A.,
For him we proudly look.

Perry's in the Medics,
Attending to his share
Of comrades who were wounded
While serving over there.

So while Dad and I are lonely,
We're proud and happy, too,
As we wait for two boys in forest green,
And one in Air Force blue. . . .

Mrs. Doris Wallace

END



SOUND OFF

[continued from page 5]

● The following price list for rifles was quoted by the Supply Section, HQMC:

M-1 Garand rifle	\$74.10
M-1 Carbine rifle	65.00
M-2 Carbine rifle	86.61

—Ed.

ARMY RIBBON

Dear Sir:

A Letter of Commendation was promulgated to the First Provisional Marine Brigade from the 24th Infantry Division dated August 20, 1950. Does this entitle members of the Brigade (at that time) to some kind of ribbon?

Sgt. J. A. Little

USMC Forwarding Depot
Portsmouth, Va.

● No, it does not.—Ed.

DISCHARGE OR RELEASE?

Dear Sir:

I am hoping that you can settle an argument concerning the discharge of draftees. We know that we have six years obligated Reserve service but the question is: do we get a discharge upon completion of two years or just a release?

Pfc Earnest R. Collins

"B" Co., 1st Bn., 4th Marines,
3d Marine Division, FMF,

Camp Pendleton, Calif.

● You will not receive a discharge certificate upon release from two years active duty. Instead, you will be transferred to the Marine Corps Reserve for completion of the remaining six years obligated service. You will receive a report of separation, however.—Ed.

SELECTIVE SERVICE PERSONNEL

Dear Editor:

In answer to several letters you have stated that Marine draftees (with Korean service) must serve their full 24 months, but have never explained the reason.

It is well-known that Army draftees (with Korean service) are separated after 20 to 21 months service. We Marine draftees are under the same Selective Service law and should be separated accordingly.

My draft board says that I should be discharged after 21 months service.

Corp. Paul Reynolds
Cherry Point, N. C.

● The Universal Military Training and Service Act, As Amended (Public



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chew fresh-flavored WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

Until your order is called, chewing a little stick of Wrigley's Spearmint will go a long way to make time pass more quickly... hold back those "ready-line jitters." Its lively flavor satisfies your sudden yen for "something

good," and the pleasant chewing freshens your taste, moistens mouth and throat—even gives you a bit of a lift! Enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today. Pick up a pack next trip to the PX.

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PACK
IN YOUR
POCKET



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• Brown • Black • Ox Blood • Mahogany • Dark Tan • Mid-Tan • Tan • Cordovan • Blue • Red • Neutral •



KEN DUGGAN-

"Swell. Let's see a Rhumba now!"

SOUND OFF (cont.)

Law 51) says: "Each person inducted into the Armed Forces (between the ages of 18 and 26) shall serve on active training and service for a period of twenty-four consecutive months, unless sooner released, transferred, or discharged in accordance with procedures prescribed by the Secretary of Defense."

There is a law, however, which permits the Armed Forces to release inductees in less than 24 months, provided their services are not needed. But, with present commitments, the Marine Corps needs the services of all inductees for the full 24-month period.—Ed.

24TH RETURN DRAFT

The Sound Off letter describing a problem which recently confronted the men of the 2nd Echelon, 24th Return Draft, has been forwarded to the Director of Personnel, HQMC, for information and possible action.—Ed.

AUTOMATIC M-17

Dear Sir:

If the sear on an M-1 Garand rifle is filed to any extent, would the weapon become fully automatic?

Corp. James E. Guth
Hq., AIRFMFLANT,

Norfolk 11, Va.

● Although the weapon may fire a burst of several rounds, it would not become fully automatic.—Ed.

SHOULDER INSIGNIA

Dear Sir:

I would like to have six or eight World War II shoulder patches of the Third Marine Division.

Any assistance you can give me in securing the patches will be greatly appreciated.

William R. Quillin
113 Sycamore St.,

Huntsville, Alabama.

● We do not have the shoulder patches, Mr. Quillin, so we are publishing your letter in the hope that one of our Marine readers will be able to help you.—Ed.

CHINA SERVICE MEDAL

Dear Sir:

In May, 1948, I joined the Ninth Marines, First Provisional Marine Brigade at Guam. In November of the same year, the Ninth (Reinforced) went to Tsingtao, China. From there we went to Shanghai, China, where we remained until March, 1949. At this time we were told by our Battalion Commander that we rated the China

Service ribbon. But, to this day, I have never seen it recorded in my service record book.

Do I rate the China Service ribbon or not? If not, I would appreciate any of the reasons why.

TSgt. Louis M. Turano
Hq. Btry., 3rd Bn.,
11th Marines,

1st Marine Division, FMF
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *Your China Service Medal is being forwarded to you through official channels by the Decorations and Medals Branch, HQMC.—Ed.*

BROKEN SERVICE

Dear Sir:

Can a Marine who has six years service during World War II remain out of the service for five years then reenlist and retire on 20 after completing the remaining 14 years? In other words, does broken service count on 20 for retirement purposes?

James Burke
Naval Reserve Armory
11th and Alexander Sts.,

Tacoma, Wash.

● *All active Naval service counts on 20.—Ed.*

STRIPE-RITE

Dear Sir:

Just a few lines to thank and congratulate the man that produced the little gadget "Stripe-Rite." I think it is one of the best items to be sold in the Post Exchange in a long time.



I also think that it should become a part of the Marine's initial issue as well as a P.X. item. How about it, Q.M.?

SSgt. D. S. Lachman
Marine Recruiting Station,
1412 - 17th Street,

Bakersfield, Calif.

● *Although we were unable to locate the originator of the handy "Stripe-Rite," we took the liberty of forwarding your letter to the Uniform Board, HQMC, for review.—Ed.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)

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and an exact
miniature for the
sweetheart.



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Ring



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Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

Miss Ruth Lindemann, 403 W. Liberty St., Ann Arbor, Mich., to hear from anyone who was with her brother, **Pfc Earl O. LINDEMANN**, when he was KIA while serving with "E" Co., 2d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Division on October 26, 1952.

Miss Delores Sickler, 1021 Vine St., Avoca, Pa., to hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of **Cpl. Lloyd R. BAKER, Jr.**, whose last known address was H&S Co., 3d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Perry Hayes, 1846 E. Washington St., Phoenix, Ariz., to hear from SSgts. **Jim S. GREENE** and **Harvey**

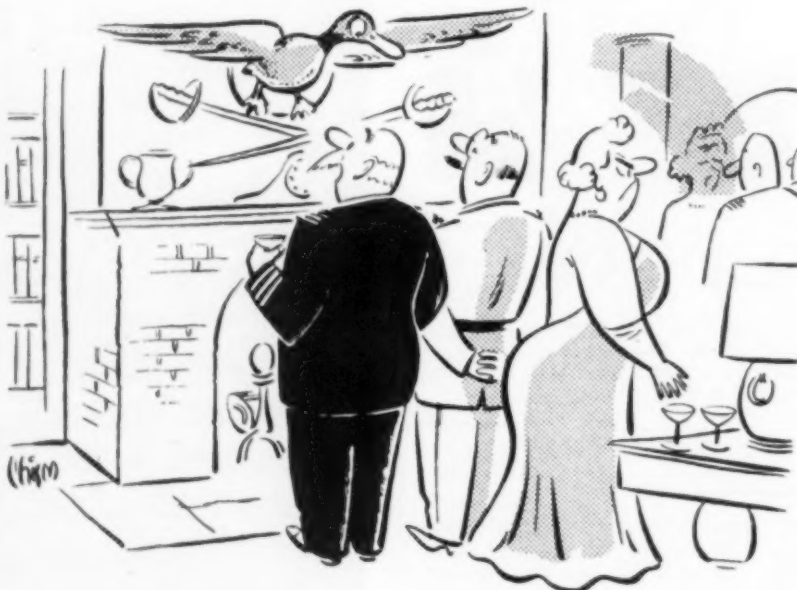
FOUNTAIN, with whom he served on Guam and in China in 1948 and '49.

Pfc Jack R. Bailey, Comm. Dept., Hdq. Sqdrn., AirFMFPac, MCAS, El Toro, Santa Ana, Calif., to hear from anyone who served with Recon. Co., Second Marine Division, FMF, Camp Lejeune, N.C., from 1947 to 1950.

Mr. Edward S. Hendrickson, 259 Fleetwood St., Coatesville, Pa., to hear from anyone who served with the Marine Detachment on Dewey Blvd., Manila, P.I., from July, 1946 to August, 1947; or with the 2d AmTrac Bn., from January, 1951 to March, 1952.

Mr. Curtis B. Johnston, 422 West 7th St., Dallas, Texas, to hear from anyone who knew his son, **Pfc Jimmie C. JOHNSTON**, a BARman of "D" Co., 2d Bn., 5th Marines, First Marine Division, who was KIA near Seoul, September 24, 1950. Mr. Johnston believes his son is pictured in the book, **This Is War**, on the inside cover, second row, third from left, and also in the picture of the troop transport arriving at Pusan. Anyone who can verify this, contact Mr. Johnston.

Mrs. Matilda C. Schutte, 217 North Franklin Turnpike, Ramsey, N.J., to hear from anyone who served with her foster son, **William G. JONES**, HM3, KIA while serving with "F" Co., 2d Bn., 5th Marines, First Marine Division on Vegas Hill, Korea, March 27, 1953.



"Gad, Colonel, look at the spread on that one!"

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Vavruska, Tyn-
dall, S.Dak., to hear from anyone who
knew their son, **Pfc Eugene R. VAV-
RUSKA**, MIA while serving with "H"
Co., 3d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine
Division in Korea on October 7, 1952.

Mr. George Venum, Homer, N.Y.,
to hear from former buddies who went
through Parris Island, S.C., with him
in the 644th Drill Co., in 1921; also
Capt. Charles L. EICKMAN and any-
one from the 36th Machine Gun Co.,
8th Marines in 1921.

Sgts. Robert J. Reilly, Max Moore
and Cpl. G. Novak, H&S Co., Sch. Dem.
Trps., MCS, Quantico, Va., to hear
from anyone who served with H&S Co.,
3d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Di-
vision from September, 1950, to Sep-
tember, 1951.

Pfc James L. Funke, Adm. Sect.,
1st AAA AW Bn., FMF, Camp Pendle-
ton, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from
buddies who went through boot camp
with him at San Diego in Plt. 361-52.

Mrs. Margaret E. Mangner, 811 Vine
St., LaCrosse, Wisc., to hear from any-
one who was serving with her son, **Pfc
Jerome M. MANGNER**, when reported
MIA, March 26, 1953. His outfit was
"H" Co., 3d Bn., 5th Marines, First
Marine Division.

Pfc Milton Shreiber, Support Co., 1st
Combat Service Group, Service Com-
mand, FMF, c/o FPO, San Francisco
Calif., to hear from Cpl. **Louis LAZA-
ROFF**, whose last known address was
Anti-Tank Co., 7th Marines, First Ma-
rine Division.

Sgt. Edward M. Navarro, SOS-1,
MCAS, El Toro, Santa Ana, Calif., to
hear from **Rudy CRUZ**, whose last
known address was SMS-12, First Ma-
rine Aircraft Wing.

TSgt. J. G. A. LeHoullier, MCS Band,
Quantico, Va., to hear from anyone
who served with him aboard the USS
Orizaba during War II.

Cpl. William E. Cowley, MB, Navy
#3912, USFA, c/o FPO, San Francisco,
Calif., to hear from Sgt. **Elvert AUS-
TIN**, reported wounded during a
Bunker Hill battle while serving with
4.2 Mortar Co., 1st Marines, First Ma-
rine Division.

Cpl. Francis F. Brogan, MTACS-2,
(Comm.), MACG-2, First Marine Air-
craft Wing, FMF, c/o FPO, San Fran-
cisco, Calif., to hear from **Charles
SHOREY**, whose last known address



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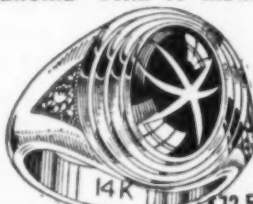


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MAIL CALL (cont.)

was MB, NTC, Great Lakes, Ill.; or members of Plt. 194, Parris Island, S.C., in 1951.

* * *

Miss Bernice Lusk, c/o Margie Strom, 747 Mason St., San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Adolfo Rocco VISCONTI, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Cpl. Jim Delaney, Marine Directory Section, Navy 850, U.S. Naval Hospital, Ward K, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from buddies who went overseas with him in the 30th Korean draft.

* * *

Pfc Marvin S. Sobel, SOS-1 Aerology, MCAS, El Toro, Santa Ana, Calif., to hear from Sgt. David PICK-OFF of Texas, believed discharged recently.

* * *

Mrs. Warner E. Nieman, R.F.D. #2, Kennedy, N. Y., to hear from anyone who served with her husband, Pfc Warner E. NIEMAN, "H" Co., 3d Bn., 5th Marines, First Marine Division in Korea. Pfc Nieman has been reported MIA since March 26, 1953.

* * *

Corp. Gregorio Ayala Velez, "F" Btry., 2d Bn., 11th Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Pfc Frank MONZON and Roberto L. VELASQUEZ, reportedly serving with the 5th Marines.

* * *

Sgt. Thomas A. Smith, "I" Co., 3d Bn., 5th Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Carthell SULLIVAN of San Diego, Calif.

* * *

Mr. D. T. Reese, 655 Yale Dr., Mansfield, Ohio, to hear from anyone knowing the details of the death of his nephew, Pfc Herman C. BOHNKE, "B" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines, First Provisional Marine Brigade, reported KIA early in the Korean war.

* * *

Mr. Richard Estep, General Delivery, Gravette, Ark., to hear from Pfc Robert I. FINK, last known to be at Camp Del Mar, Oceanside, Calif.

* * *

Miss Patricia Ronane, 187 Florence St., Roslindale 31, Mass., to hear from John TURLEY, a Marine from Long Island, N. Y., now possibly stationed in South Carolina.

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Mr. Scotty Pickering, 364 Holton Rd., La Porte, Ind., to hear from Col. "Pop" SEELEY, Maj. Joe MOTELEW-SKI, and Howard WICKERT.

Miss Diane Wolfe, 1733 Des Moines St., Des Moines, Iowa, to hear from Pfc Donald W. ROBERTS, whose last known address was Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Pfc Preston Montgomery, Box 10, First Marine Aircraft Wing, FMF, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Corp. R. W. COLLIER, last known to be at Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Lt. Ralph A. Huntzinger, "A" Co., 3d Trng. Bn., 19th SBC, BS, MCS, Quantico, Va., to hear from Sgts. Emory H. EDMUNDS and Glen L. SHEBLOUSKY, last known to be at MB, Pearl Harbor, T.H.

Corp. John E. Weber, Jr., 334 Church St., Bonne Terre, Mo., to hear from Sgts. Bob HAMILTON, Vincent J. VANAZI and Richard "Tex" DILLMAN.

Pfc Phillip N. Schuyler, General Delivery, Phoenix, Ariz., to hear from Pfc J. F. CALANTONI, of Perth Amboy, N. J.

Sgt. Ed Gottlieb, VMO-6, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Robert BLACKLEY, whose last known address was HEDRON-24, MAG-24, Second Marine Aircraft Wing in May, 1952.

James G. Young, Jr., HN, Field Med. Trng. Bn., Supp. Arms Trng. Regt., Camp Del Mar, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from Donald MC COWAN, HM3, last known to be aboard the Danish hospital ship, Jutlandia.

Pfc Roi W. Brown, Barstow Annex, Barstow, Calif., to hear from Corp. Joe DINNIGAN, with whom he served in "B" Co., 1st Bn., 1st Marines, First Marine Division.

Mr. John Peterson, Jr., 1707 East "B" St., Torrington, Wyo., to hear from William OANNON or anyone who served with him in the 11th Marines in 1945-46.

Frank Mohrs, HM2, 12th Rifle Co., USMCR, 1101 Summit Ave., Springfield, Mo., to hear from retired Marine R. S. KINCADE, whose last known address was 1028 E. Commercial St., Springfield, Mo.

TERRIFIC...

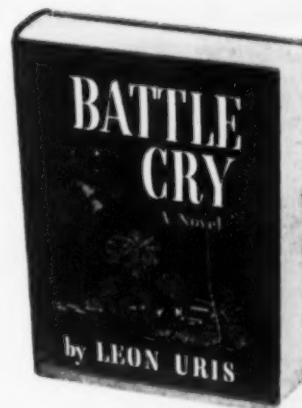
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KIMPO PROVISIONAL REGIMENT



MPs of all types patrol Kimpo. This representative group includes Marine MP, KMC MP, National Police and Korean Interpreter

Story and photos by
MSgt. H. B. Wells

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

CLOSE BY A Communist-held portion of Korea, the Kimpo peninsula juts north-westward from the capital city of Seoul. The Han river sweeps the eastern shore on its way to the sea, while tributary waters of Inchon bay cut it off from nearby islands. It is a rocky promontory with lush, green rice paddies splashed among granite hills.

It's also an Achilles' heel, a back door to Seoul and strategic Kimpo airfield. To defend this vulnerable piece of landscape, the Marines have whipped together one of the most heterogeneous outfits of their time—The Kimpo Provisional Regiment.

The regiment is composed of units of the United States Marines, Army and Navy, the Korean Marines, Army and National Police. In the chain of command, regimental headquarters answers to the First Marine Division.

Previously, the area was under the control of the Army's I Corps, with only two or three Marine companies

TURN PAGE

**A United Nations outfit commanded by Marines
keeps Reds away from Seoul and Kimpo airfield**



Bunker housing "Dog Med's" operating room gets sod camouflage covering by work detail



Men and supplies are protected by these bunkers which dot the defensive positions



Chapel-tent is filled with men waiting for Catholic Chaplain, flying in by helicopter



Saturday morning inspection by the "Gunny" helps keep the regiment ready for combat



Result of an air strike is radioed by Corp. Schultz while Pfc Kawell cranks generator



Korean laundry service is sometimes slow. MSgt. Phillip Strout (left) speeds things up

KIMPO (cont.)

attached. When a Turkish brigade was slaughtered by the Reds, late in 1951, the Marines took over the defense of the entire perimeter. The regiment was activated officially in March, 1952.

Despite its current complex structure, the Kimpo force functions like a delicate timepiece. The following dialogue—recorded at a briefing session before a harassing action on the Red lines—illustrates the cooperation extended by the integrated units.

Marine Colonel Richard H. Crockett, regimental commander, stood before a large situation map propped up in one corner of his hut.

"We'll pour the works on 'em tonight from this point," he said in a mild voice, pushing a pointer to a spot on the huge map. "By the time we're finished, the Reds'll think all hell has broken loose."

The CO turned to one of the officers present. "I would like to have your searchlight boys on the main line of resistance tonight. Check your lights to ensure that we have a strong, steady beam for the entire operation."

Marine Lieutenant Colonel Henry Lawrence nodded; the Army search-



Outdoor class in pole climbing for Kimpo's communicators is viewed with interest by an attentive audience composed of Korean children



light crew under his command would be ready.

Col. Crockett addressed two other officers. "This time, if your outfits suffer casualties, by all means report them to regiment."

He was speaking to Major "J" "S" Han, CO of the attached Korean Marine Corps troops, and Lieutenant Colonel "J" "S" Moon, CO of the Republic of Korea units. The Koreans had suffered casualties on previous raids but with typical Oriental stoicism they had overlooked the formality of reporting their wounded.

To a Navy doctor in the rear of the room, the colonel said, "If you need any extra supplies, better draw them

today. And if you think you need more litter bearers, see the four (logistics) section for a crew of KSCs." KSCs are Korean Service Corps workers whose reputation for easing stretchers over the jagged, winding trails has become widespread.

"While I have the Navy in mind, do you think you will be in the area tonight in the event of casualties?"

This question was addressed to Lieutenant Commander Kenneth D. Killin, the chaplain. He replied affirmatively.

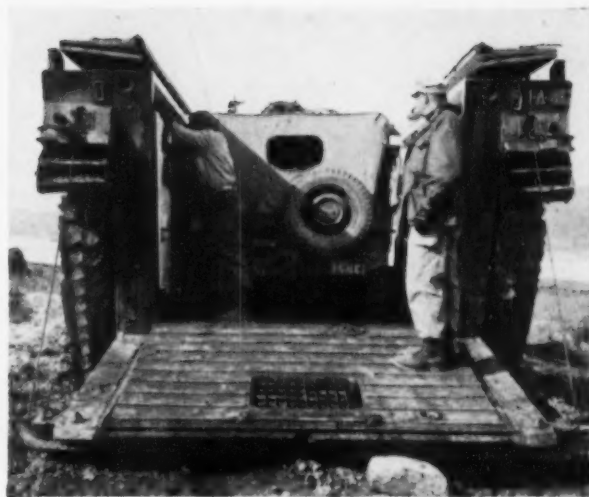
"We'll have a chance to use your new road tonight, Major," the colonel told Major Charles E. Gocke, boss of the Marine shore party unit. The unit had just completed a road which Army Engineers had deemed impossible to build due to a lack of heavy road equipment. The new thoroughfare was sorely needed; Red artillery had zeroed in every inch of the old one, making it useless during daylight.

The briefing continued. It became evident that the entire operation had been meticulously worked out. The unfolding plan saw each isolated phase mesh into the Big Picture like the teeth on a set of giant cog wheels. When the meeting ended, the order of battle had arrived at a point of application.

The harassing of enemy territory came off successfully.



The road building at Kimpo keeps Corp. D. N. Kolberger very busy. He is operating a "Pan"



The LVTs double as ferries on the river. A Jeep is shown being secured for the rough crossing

The men in the regiment like to think of themselves as truly a United Nations outfit. Attached units to the regiment make it such an outfit.

One of these units is a Korean National Police Force. With the help of these NPs and the loyal natives on this peninsula, Red guerrilla infiltration behind the defending forces has almost been eliminated.

The NPs work closely with the Marine MPs. A patrol of MPs on the peninsula usually consists of an American Army driver, with an Army jeep, a Marine MP, who is senior man of the patrol, a Korean Marine Corps MP and a Korean interpreter. Each man wears the uniform of his own outfit. This MP detachment, a minor Crime Investigation Corps, is the newest addition to the KPR and functions under

the direction of Marine Warrant Officer George M. Haneline.

Another of the KPR units is the Amphibian Tractors. In addition to having their own defense sector of the peninsula they run a ferry service from the mainland to the several islands immediately off the coast.

The AmTracs are a ferry rider's dream. They drive up onto the land while being loaded, and after getting their cargo, shove right off to their destination. Once there, the operation is merely reversed and riders find they don't even get their feet wet in the passage over from the mainland.

Major William E. Lunn, the CO, and Captain Joe B. Crownover, the Executive Officer of the AmTracs, sanction this extra-curricular activity of their outfit. Many of the trips be-

tween the islands and the peninsula proper draw enemy fire. "But," said Maj. Lunn, "I have never heard one of the men refuse to ferry anyone or anything across, day or night. It's a real experience for the men and they like it."

Due to the large area the Am Trac men have to cover in a day's duty, messing offered a big problem. It was almost impossible to keep the chow hot over long periods of time without completely drying it out. On the other hand, the chow couldn't be lifted from the stoves half-cooked and left to simmer. The first men into the chow hall received partially cooked food while latecomers found their chow dry and tasteless. Finally, Staff Sergeant Fred Scott, the mess sergeant, came up with the answer—an ingenious steam table made from scrap armor plating. Now, there is always hot chow waiting for the men.

The fact that the regimental headquarters is a tactical command and not administrative adds to the confusion. One of the subordinate units, the Armored Amphibians, handle part of the administration for the command. Part of the regimental administration is the responsibility of Sergeant Major William J. Scheffer, under the command of Lieutenant Col. Henry Lawrence and Major James L. Jones, Exec Officer. The Armored Amphibians also handle all the messing facilities for the regimental C.P.

They are also a tactical outfit. With their attached tanks, an Army searchlight unit, a group of AmTracs used as FDCs and their own Armored Amphibians, a platoon of this outfit has as many firing tubes as a complete artillery battery. They are one of the few Marine outfits in Korea to get

TURN PAGE



Amphib tanks are set up as mobile artillery with camouflage nets stretched overhead. The battery can move as the situation requires

KIMPO (cont.)

combat pay every month. With the amount of enemy fire they receive, that pay is well-earned.

As an administrative command they are directly under the control of their parent organization, the regimental headquarters.

One of the platoons of the Amphibs solved its own laundry problem. This platoon was so far from the Command Post that it was not feasible for them to bring their clothes to the CP to have them laundered. Three Korean wash-woman, named by the platoon, "Aggie," "Cherry-San" and "Krudd," now do the laundry with the soap and hot water supplied by the platoon. The outfit has earned the title of the cleanest front-line platoon in Korea. In return for their services the Korean wash-women get clothing and other presents donated by the men from packages they receive from home.

Aside from the few administrative personnel assigned to the regimental headquarters, most of the men attached are communications personnel. The geographical location of the headquarters places a heavy load on these com-men. Under the supervision of Master Sergeant David M. Shirley the com section is on a 24-hour schedule, stringing and maintaining wire.

Trouble shooting is the big job for these men, now that the basic lines have been installed. Strangely, it isn't the enemy that puts grey hair on the trouble shooters; it's the friendly natives behind our lines.



If a villager needs a shoe string; a piece of wire for construction of an "A" frame; or a clothes line behind his hut—off comes the necessary length of com wire. Another chore which keeps the crew moving is the location and repair of poor connections which cause bad reception on the phone lines.

Usually this fault can be traced to where the wires had been spliced and covered by rubber tape on a previous job. Korean children have been caught



Nothing goes to waste at Kimpo. Ammunition boxes salvaged here will appear later as tables, chairs, desks, lockers and tent decking



Corpsman starts heater for "Dog Med's" underground operating room. Troops from Shore Party Battalion repair a leak in the bunker's roof

stripping the rubber tape from the spliced sections and using it as chewing gum.

The job of wiring the peninsula set a new record. Ten com men, under the foremanship of Staff Sergeant William F. Freitag, covered a 60-mile area, stringing and laying 250 miles of double wire in only 35 working hours.

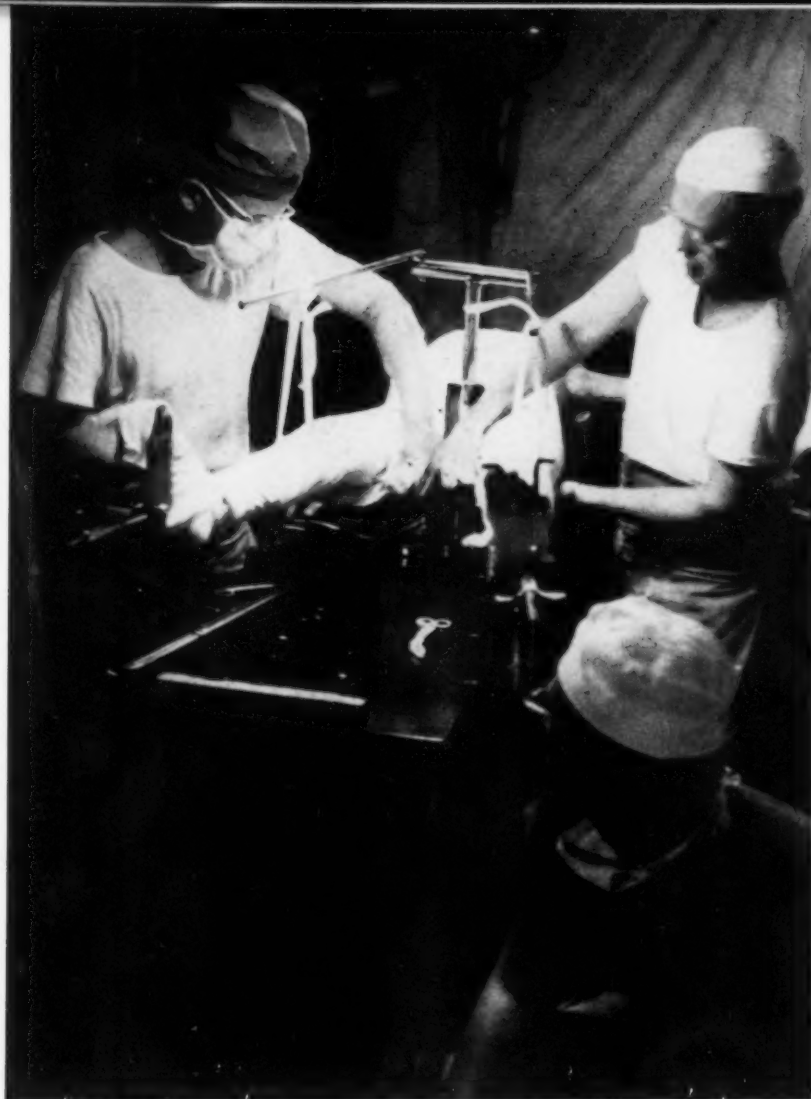
And it wasn't easy. The natives were uncooperative when they saw the burly Marines sloshing through their

rice paddies. Heavy mud added to the difficulty of the task, and that time of the year, early spring, brought the hazard of snakes.

Then there was a lake to be waded. The bed of the uncharted body of water was pocked with deep holes. Crossing the lake, loaded down with com wire, the men occasionally performed vanishing acts. However, in spite of the odds, the task was finished without casualties.

These men also spend many hours a day on the front lines, under enemy fire, carrying out their primary mission—making it possible for the line units to keep in contact with each other, and with the Regimental Headquarters.

"This regiment probably has more wire laid or strung than any other outfit in the division," said Lieutenant David J. Strauss, the Regimental S-2. "And if the Commies ever pushed



Deep in the bunker operating room two doctors apply bandages to a Korean patient while a corpsman stands by ready to assist them

through our lines, and got through the barbed wire, they'd never get past the com wire."

Another headache for the com section is the heavy equipment of the First Shore Party Unit attached to the KPR. Wire strung alongside the road is often chewed up by the bull dozers and drags.

These aren't T/E for a Shore Party Unit but they are necessary in this outfit for the type of work it does. In addition to being a shore party, they concentrate on engineering, do a little mine detecting, build bunkers and keep up 40 miles of roads.

One of the bunkers built by the unit is a 20 x 40 foot hospital bunker at "Dog Med." This medical company is the attached medical unit to the KPR. The bunker was constructed by the ten-man team under Master Sergeant Joseph M. Carroll, and it has the only underground operating room in the

division. It is probably one of the largest bunkers in Korea.

The operating room can be converted into a bomb-proof hospital if the need arises. Once an operation has started, it is not necessary to stop for air raids, incoming mail or anything else. The lights of this bunker continue to burn through any outside action.

All officers of the staff of "Dog Med" are doctors of medicine and constantly administer to the wounded. The Staff includes such specialists as Lieutenant (jg) Joseph M. Ward, a pediatrician and Lieutenant (jg) Paul E. Zeigler, a dentist. Lieutenant (jg) Robert M. Schuyler runs the show as the CO of "Dog Med."

Recently Dr. McCallin delivered a fine healthy boy at "Dog Med." The young Korean mother was unhappy about having her baby born in the underground hospital; by tradition, Korean women are supposed to have

their children at home. The delivery of her son with the aid of modern medicine, was a revelation and tradition was soon forgotten.

Dr. Ward, the pediatrician, has plenty of opportunities to keep up with his specialty. Scores of children are brought in for treatment of wounds and illnesses. The lives of many of these children have been saved by Dr. Ward's wide medical knowledge.

Patients arrive at "Dog Med" on foot or in ox carts; some are carried in on "A" frames by other Koreans. Their maladies vary from gunshot and shrapnel wounds to burns.

The treating of wounded Koreans is secondary to "Dog Med." Their first objective is to treat the wounded members of the KPR. The low number of patients admitted from the KPR allows free time in which the medical specialists are able to help the natives. Civilian treatment outnumbers Marines about five to three. Even with this heavy volume of Korean traffic the natives don't bother the doctors with minor ailments.

These Koreans seem to be sincerely thankful for the treatment given them and counter by doing little favors for the men attached to the unit. On one recent Korean holiday a group of school children visited the medical company and sang for the patients and staff. Before leaving they presented hand embroidered handkerchiefs and scarfs to several of the doctors.

American good will is extended beyond the hospital. The ex-CO of "Dog Med," Malcolm D. McGary, Lieutenant (MC), started evening classes at the Korean (continued on page 72)





The ambulatory patients were offered the friendly shoulders of Marines for support as they walked

through the processing center. For the returnees, it was the first kind act they had known in months.

FREEDOM VILLAGE



Heavy equipment rolled onto the site selected for Freedom Village. Soon, pre-fabricated huts were

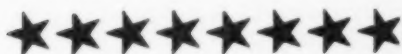
built and frameworks rigged for tents. Marines moved in and 36 hours later, village was completed

WHEN THE COMMUNIST forces in North Korea suddenly accepted the United Nations' proposal to exchange sick and wounded prisoners-of-war, the First Marine Division wasn't caught flat-footed.

Fully four months before the United Nations submitted their proposal to the Commies, the First Division had a detailed plan for the repatriation of the POWs. Three months before "Operation Little Switch" was executed, elements of the Division began rehearsals in the processing of the returning prisoners. These drills were held monthly with the various sections going through the procedure.

The Division's First Engineer Battalion

TURN PAGE



Marines gave number one priority to building a POW reception center

by MSgt. Robert T. Fugate
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Photos by MSgt. H. B. Wells
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Marine escorts await arrival of first group of wounded returnees. Waiting seemed to be the hardest part of "Operation Little Switch"



UN officers met liberated prisoners at Freedom Village. The POWs were driven there in ambulances from exchange point at Panmunjom

FREEDOM VILLAGE (cont.)

tation was called upon to plan a site for the exchange. The plan also covered the stockpiling of certain furniture, tents, signs, utilities and other necessary equipment needed to put a camp into being.

The Division Surgeon was to handle the sick and wounded prisoners. Medical gear was stockpiled to prepare for this function. Casualty Reporting section would assemble the data needed for this function. The Food Director set up plans to feed the liberated POWs. Administrators, staff sections, military police and chaplains drilled in their particular specialties.

In anticipation that the United Nations might not receive a wide margin of advance notice if prisoners were going to be exchanged, all the sections

concerned worked out their drills for effectiveness within 36 hours after the "go ahead" signal.

When the Commies accepted the United Nations' proposal to exchange sick and wounded prisoners, the First Engineer Battalion moved into high gear. Their original plan had called for the erecting of six separate processing lines and a command space, all in one area. Modifications during the actual construction changed this plan; they built two separate processing areas complete with hospital facilities, helicopter landing strips, command and press areas and the processing lines.

The first of these areas, 400 by 800 feet in size, was used by the United Nations troops which were being liberated. The second area, across the road from the UN site, was 300 by 700 feet in size and was used by the returning South Korean POWs.

"Able" Company of the 1st Shore Party Battalion started and finished the construction. This outfit was operationally attached to the First Engineers and had been operating with them as an additional company.

Huge bull-dozers, pans and other heavy equipment moved into an area near Munsan-ni, South Korea. The leveling off process started at eight o'clock, Sunday morning, April 5, 1953, and work continued uninterrupted until one o'clock, Monday morning. At that time the Marines secured for a much-needed breather. Promptly at six o'clock that same morning they were back on the job and worked straight through until (continued on page 70)



General Mark Clark, Supreme Commander of UN Forces in Far East, greeted the returning POWs



Chaplains of all faiths chatted with returnees over coffee and cigarettes in the Marine-manned galley



Interview time was cut to bare minimum. Returnees were processed without delay

**Processing of
POWs went off
with no delay**



A new issue of fresh clean clothing was a happy change for liberated POWs. Communist outfits were deep sixed



For the first time in many months, ex-POWs enjoyed American-made cigarettes and coffee



Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Pollock, CG, 1st Marine Division, was among the notables on hand to greet the returnees



Pompeii was buried by volcanic ashes in 79 A.D. Marines of Naples detachment tour reclaimed ruins



Two Marines and their WM dates stroll along the Naples waterfront. Castle ruins are centuries old

POSTS OF THE CORPS



NAPLES, ITALY

by MSgt. Steven Marcus

FOR MANY YEARS a European saying concerning Naples has been repeated in Europe and many parts of the New World. It states simply, "Vedi Napoli e puoi muoi—See Naples, then die." To the sensitive continentals Naples has long been the symbol of the world's art, culture and refinement.

To the 126 Marines of the Naples Detachment, whose sensitivity is typically American, the old saying has attained a new meaning, "See Naples and live." The men agree unanimously that duty in Naples is the best and most unique to be found in the Corps.

Weekends can be spent in Rome, Capri or Sorrento. And for those who temporarily tire of the local scene, a 15-day leave will provide a leisurely jaunt to Paris, London, Germany, Switzerland or Spain.

Photos by
MSgt. John J. Connolly



Statuary photos
courtesy Library
of Congress



European boast is, "Vedi Napoli e puoi muoi—See Naples, then die." United States Marines disagree, prefer to enjoy life at sidewalk cafe

The detachment, officially titled, Marine Detachment, Headquarters Support Activities, is one of the newest units of the Marine Corps. It was activated on March 8, 1952, with 60 men headed by Captain (then first lieutenant) Raymond B. Spicer, of Coronado, California. Now at T/O strength, the detachment numbers four officers and 122 men.

Nine months prior to activation of the unit, the Marine detachment aboard the cruiser USS *Columbus*, was transferred to the USS *Mount Olympus*, at that time flagship of Admiral Robert B. Carney, head of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization mission at Naples. A few months later, when the NATO mission moved ashore, the detachment reinforced by a contingent of 33 Marines who had arrived from the States, went along to provide security guards and perform ceremonies and honors necessary to the new command.

Today the detachment is housed in the Hotel Nuova Bella Napoli, located in the plaza Piazza Garibaldi in downtown Naples. Here 64 leased rooms

TURN PAGE



Neapolitan nights, the Isle of Capri and Sorrento fulfill recruiting poster promises

NAPLES, ITALY (cont.)

provide individual living quarters for staff and buck sergeants, and two-man rooms for the remainder of the detachment. A guard office in the hotel provides the nerve center for the around-the-clock security guard.

A small recreation and reading room has been set aside for the detachment on the main floor of the hotel for off-duty relaxation. Since the hotel is operated on the European style, cleaning and maintenance services are included in the overall cost of the rooms. The detachment is responsible only for its own personal clothing and gear, with all cleaning and routine hotel services provided by a small corps of maids and porters. Only in rare instances, when the maids are late or an inspection is pending, do the Marines grab a broom or smooth out a bunk.

Chow is furnished the detachment at the nearby Hotel Grilli, a Navy-leased enlisted personnel billet. Although the mess hall is located in a commercial hotel, and the messmen are locally-employed Italians, the chow and trays are strictly Navy style.

The detachment officers are in the eight-story ComSubComNelm and HSA office building. When the Naval jargon is unscrambled and deciphered, the building houses the Commander Sub-



Powwow at Headquarters, Allied Forces Southern Europe. Marine Col. T. G. Roe, Italian Maj. Gen. E. DeRenzi and Adm. R. B. Carney



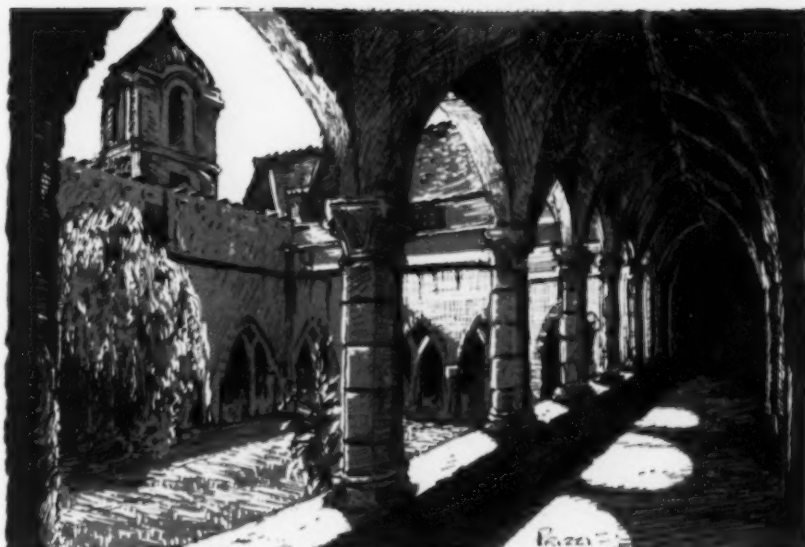
Marine detachment at Naples was activated in March, 1952. Capt. R. B. Spicer was the first CO. MSgt. L. W. Barker is the sergeant major

ordinate Command Northeastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, and the Headquarters Support Activities, all closely co-ordinated with the NATO activities in the Naples area. Here in one wing of the fourth deck, Capt. Spicer, his executive officer, and the sergeant major and a three-man crew attend to the complex administrative duties of the command.

The prime duty of the detachment is to provide security for NATO-leased buildings in Naples. About a year ago the local NATO force was redesignated HAFSE, Headquarters, Allied Forces, Southern Europe. It is now housed in three buildings high on a slope overlooking Naples. Around-the-clock security is provided at all three buildings, including roving posts throughout the interior of the buildings at night.

Strict security is maintained at HAFSE day and night. All military and civilian employees are required to wear photo passes at all times while in the headquarters, and all visitors are identified, issued passes and logged in and out of the buildings. The entrance to each building is guarded by a Marine and a member of the Italian Carabinieri, the elite police of Italy. Blues are the uniform for the Marine guard, while the Carabinieri wear colorful red and blue outfits, similar to the Marine dress uniform.

Four full-time Marine posts are maintained at the ComSubComNelm office building. An NCO in the building lobby checks all incoming personnel and visitors. Sentries on the upper floors guard restricted areas, and at night, roving patrols check office desks and safes throughout the eight floors of the building.



Special watches and temporary assignments complete the working schedule for the detachment, and fill out guard rosters which at times are already stretched to capacity. Full honors are frequently rendered by the detachment to all flag officers and visiting dignitaries. Special pier guards maintain security for ships unloading at the Italian docks. Top temporary billet most sought after by the detachment is assignment to the security guard for the Ministerial meetings of the North Atlantic Council. In May, 1952, four men served with the Council in Spain for almost three months, and in December, a 14-man unit was sent to Paris for two weeks on a similar detail.

Four Women Marines who arrived in Naples in November, 1952, are presently assigned secretarial duties at HAFSE. All are volunteers, and are part of the contingent of the first Women Marines to serve in Europe; the second to serve outside the continental limits since the end of World War II. The WMs are billeted at a hotel for U.S. service women, and receive a basic subsistence allowance.

The Marine Corps is represented on the staff of HAFSE by five Marine officers, who serve the cause of peace along with officers and men from seven of the NATO nations. The senior Marine at HAFSE is Colonel Thomas G. Roe, head of the operations branch. His section is an example of the close-

TURN PAGE



Corp. John Schauder checks log with night duty officer. Marines wear blues during day watches



Troops live at the Hotel Nuova Bella Napoli. Sgt. Anthony Schmitz checks Corp. Tom Marion ashore

NAPLES, ITALY (cont.)



Pfc William Farrell stands guard at the doorway of HAFSE with a lavishly-dressed member of the Carabinieri, Italy's elite police force

ly integrated workings of NATO. It has included representatives from the Italian Army, Royal Air Force, French Army, U.S. Army and the Turkish Army. The majority of representatives at HAFSE have a working knowledge of English, and more important, a common goal.

For the Marines of the detachment there are many off-duty recreational facilities. During the summer an excellent beach is available to Naval personnel. Last year the Marine baseball team copped second place honors in the softball league in which it was entered. A small selection of weight lifting equipment kept at the Marine billet, is seldom idle. During the winter, ski slopes can be reached in a few hours by bus, and a Navy-leased gymnasium is available for basketball and other indoor sports.

An enlisted club for U.S. personnel has been opened. This popular Marine gathering spot features nightly dances, floor shows, bingo, and a reasonably priced dining room. The bar provides Stateside beer at 15 cents a bottle, and harder liquor at 25 cents a drink. A free movie house has two showings nightly of the latest Hollywood releases, and a real American town atmosphere is created by a genuine Stateside popcorn machine.

Naples offers a wide variety of first-rate entertainment which continues at a bustling pace throughout the year. During the season, the San Carlo Opera House in Naples presents an impressive list of operas with enough Italian and foreign singing stars to satisfy the most critical music lover. Prices at the opera start at \$1.60, and a surprising number of Marines have turned to the long hair music.

Italian movie houses are scattered throughout the city, and American movies with Italian dialogue dubbed into the sound track are shown nightly. Many of the detachment who had previously seen the American movies now being shown in the Italian Cinema, attend the showings again. There is a new twist in entertainment when Hopalong Cassidy snaps, "Drop that gun, podner," in faultless Italian.

There is no transportation problem in Naples. Street cars, busses, carriages and taxis are plentiful at all times, and are utilized in accordance with the means of the traveler. From the Marine billet to the heart of the downtown area costs about 6 cents on a bus or street car. The tariff for a carriage is about 30 cents, and a taxi (vintage of '25, complete with rubber squeeze horn), will run in the 35 cent class. After 10 o'clock at night, an additional charge of 30 cents is added to each taxi fare; cab drivers smilingly call this extra "supplimento," but it boils down to a you-wouldn't-be-out-this-



Security is a full time job at Naples. Pretty WM Sgt. Mary Ann Kennedy shows proper identification



WM souvenir hunters Doris Griggs and Mary Ann Kennedy browse in one of Naples' many gift shops

late-if-you-couldn't-afford-it attitude. Marines lounging at the hotel can tell at a glance the financial status of their returning cohorts. A taxi or carriage rider is still in good shape, but when a Marine alights from a bus or streetcar, he's had it until next payday.

Night life in Naples varies with the seasons. During the summer the city is crowded with pleasure seeking tourists, and the clubs and restaurants teem until the early hours of the morning. But even in the off-months, most of the clubs are in operation each night, and usually remain open as long as there are paying customers. The

Trocadero, Zig-Zag, Canaglia and Black Cat are the favorite clubs of the detachment—when they can afford it. The clubs are Stateside style—orchestras, shows and Stateside prices. A local beer runs about 80 cents and anything stronger, \$1.50.

Local restaurants serve excellent food, and are among the finest to be found in Europe. The menus include a variety of American and Italian dishes, served at fairly reasonable prices. A full course meal at one of the better emporiums, complete with wine, service charges and all the trimmings, will run from two to three dol-

lars. And at the Ziteresa, one of the more popular waterfront restaurants, a diner may encounter Lucky Luciano, who dines there frequently.

In Italy, wine drinking with meals is the accepted custom, and no self-respecting Neapolitan neglects to order his favorite vintage with his dinner. There are dozens of varieties of wine, from the inexpensive Gargano at 30 cents a bottle to the more elaborately packaged name brands at three to four dollars.

Most of the detachment have used the full extent of travel opportunities available in (continued on page 71)



Corp. Agatha Hoffman and Sgt. Sam Zier feed the birds on a Naples plaza. Corn vendors prosper



Sooner or later, all Marines from the detachment visit Pompeii, one of the renowned sights of Naples

DESERT ROCK V

by MSgt. Roy E. Heinecke

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Official USMC Photos

SERGEANT F. E. DRENDEL of the Los Angeles Police Department patrolled the exclusive Baldwin Hills section in the predawn hours of Saturday, April 18. Suddenly he was dazzled by a brilliant flash that swept over the horizon at 4:35 a.m. A greenish, shimmering glow hung over the entire city. Half an hour later he heard a faint explosion.

In beautiful San Bernardino, nestled at the foot of the Pacific coastal mountain range, the sound of an explosion at 5:01 a.m. awoke many of the residents.

Approximately 250 miles east, as the crow flies, spreads the city of Las Vegas, gambling Mecca of the nation. There, a few gamblers rushing between gaming establishments for a change of luck were stopped in their tracks as the city suddenly became bright as daylight. They stared, awed at a light that has been described as "brighter than one hundred suns." The brilliant flash lasted a few seconds, then faded to let the neon lights of the fabulous city reign once more. No explosion was heard in that area.

The distant witnesses to this manmade sunrise shrugged their shoulders and went their ways. The policeman in Los Angeles continued his rounds, San Bernardino's citizens sleepily eyed their alarm clocks and went back to sleep; Las Vegas returned to their games of chance.

But some 80 miles northwest of the Nevada city and seconds before the monstrous flood of light created a false dawn over three states, 2200 Marines and an unannounced

number of sheep huddled in the chilly trenches of Yucca Flat, backyard workshop of the Atomic Energy Commission. Just 4000 yards in front of the foremost trench an innocent looking tower, the type found near any major radio station, rose 300 feet into the starlit sky.

The almost hypnotic influence of its two flashing lights, held the attention of members of the 2nd Marine Corps Provisional Atomic Exercise Brigade, but there was another reason why the men kept their eyes peeled to this steel spire. Resting on its very top was an atomic device which would, in just a few seconds, unleash into their midst all the fury of nuclear fission.

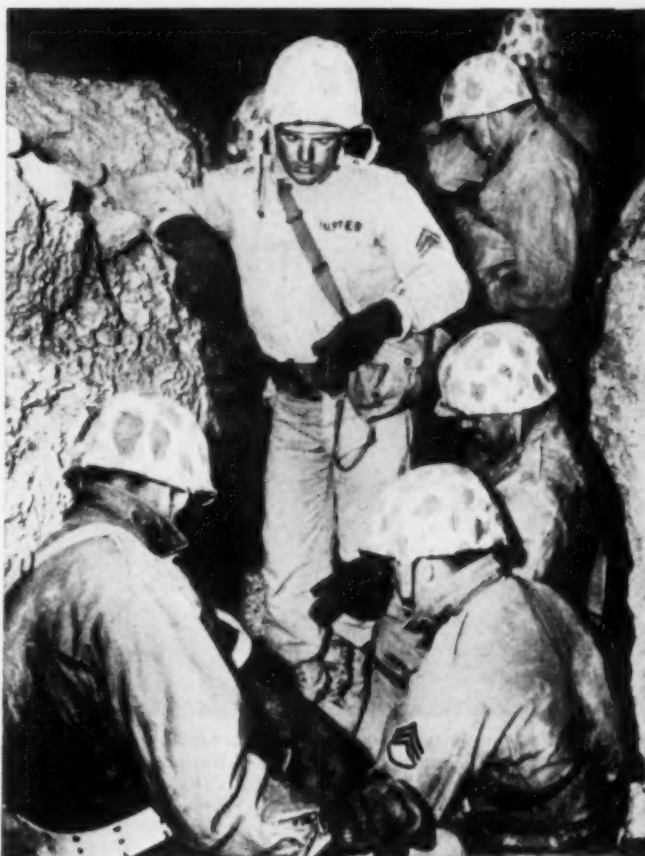
This was the 2nd MCPAEB's climax to Desert Rock V, the week-long maneuver that brought Marines from all over the nation to participate in the Corps' second meeting with an atomic detonation. The 1st Battalion of the Eighth Marines from the Second Marine Division was flown in from Camp Lejeune, N. C., in the planes of MCAS, Cherry Point, N. C., and joined ranks with the 2nd Battalion, Third Marines, Third Marine Division of Camp Pendleton which had been transported in the aircraft of MCAS, El Toro, Calif. These units made up the Brigade commanded by Brigadier General Wilburt S. Brown, USMC.

An added unit that spelled something new for the atomic busting Marines and left little doubt that there would be any similarity between this maneuver and the one held last year was Marine Air Group 16, commanded by Colonel Harold J. Mitchener. The pilots, crews and their 40-odd helicopters call the Marine Corps Air Facility at Santa Ana, Calif. their home.

The "whirlybirds", now assured of a major role in any amphibious operation the Marines may undertake in this atomic age, windmilled their way from Santa Ana following, for the most part, the same route and highways taken by the convoys of equipment-laden trucks. Keeping close to the ground and just to be a little different than the fliers of fixed wing aircraft, many of the 'copter pilots supplemented their folders of navigation charts with ordinary road maps. These were used to guide their way to the Army's Camp Desert Rock, temporary abode of the 2nd MCPAEB and 42 miles from the singed Yucca Flat testing ground.

The tents of Camp Desert Rock were a familiar sight to more than a few of the Marines of the Brigade, men who had made the trip last year. The sun which beat down unmercifully during the day was replaced in the evening by a cold wind that sent the mercury tumbling to almost the freezing point.

Climatically, this year's maneuver



Marines sweat out final minutes before detonation. Note darkened sky as compared with brilliance in picture below



Huddled 4000 yards from ground zero, Marines take full brunt of initial flash. Tremendous light eliminated shadows



High winds cause mushroom cloud to start breaking from its column minutes after blast. Troop-laden helicopters (lower center) move in

DESERT ROCK V (cont.)

would match Desert Rock IV with but one exception; the clouds racing across

the sky from the craggy peaks of the snow splashed Nevada Mountains would fail to unload one single droplet of rain.

Closer to the ground the dust, using the same strong winds that pushed the

clouds, built into hundreds of miniature whirlwinds that scampered in one direction; toward the tents of Camp Desert Rock.

Mechanics of the helicopter group utilized every means available to keep the powdery dirt from blanketing the engines and the working mechanisms that kept the giant rotor blades beating the air in flight. Ground troopers fought to keep the dust off their weapons, out of their food and from seeping under the six blankets issued to combat the cold of the nights.

The camp routine of lectures for the enlisted personnel and conferences for the officers were continued in an attempted normal manner despite the dust and the winds that continually threatened to bowl over the tents. There were just two bright spots to lighten the battle with nature's elements, the Army's NCO Club—its doors thrown open to all enlisted ranks—and the anticipated one day of liberty in Las Vegas.

The club, housed in a large circular tent, boasted a bar and the camp's only concession to a softer life, upholstered aluminum chairs. Early arrivals quickly latched onto the chairs; late comers found unoccupied spots on the floor; everyone concentrated on the futile effort to rid throats and mouths of the dust collected during the day.

Busses, graciously donated by the Army and gratefully accepted by the Marines, provided transportation for the 80-mile ride to Las Vegas, a town which opens its arms to everyone with a buck, including Marines. In return the Marines opened their pocketbooks to help fill the hungry coffers of the casinos.

The most popular spot for the Ma-

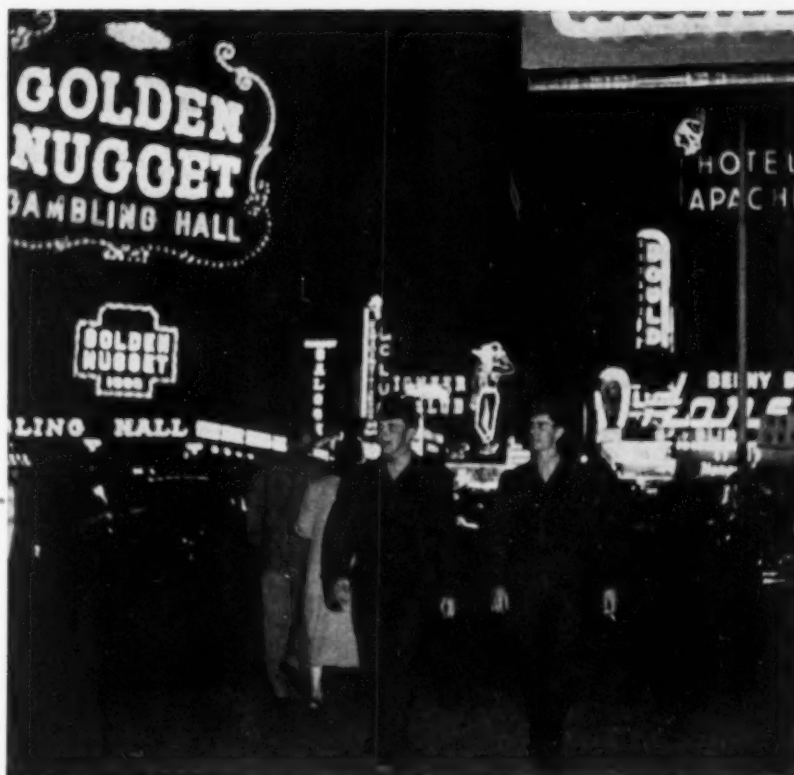


Combat-equipped Marines await the signal to load aboard a MAG 16 helicopter for a quick trip 2000

yards closer to ground zero. Dust cloud hovered over troops in first stages of the atomic maneuver

rines of the Brigade was the Strip, a two-mile stretch of the main highway on the west side of town and the site of the oversized and magnificently built motels, offering gambling rooms and nightclubs. It was here on the Strip that the men rubbed elbows with some of the notorious fugitives from a Kefauver investigation and the elite of the country. Celebrities Abbott and Costello, Marilyn Maxwell, Van Johnson, and a host of other nightclub and movie entertainers drew hundreds of Marines to the floor shows staged in the dining rooms. A 50-cent beer could be nursed through an entire show without prodding from an eager waitress. Other hundreds of excitement-seeking Marines couldn't complete the obstacle course of roulette, dice and card tables strategically situated between the main entrance to the nitery and the door leading to the dining room. Slow players were the most fortunate because liberty expired on the stroke of midnight, coinciding with the departure of the last bus for Camp Desert Rock.

Las Vegas' fine and smartly attired police force, who admittedly felt uncomfortable with so many Marines concentrated in such a small area, later reported that they were among the best behaved troops ever to visit the area.



Corp. John L. Wiese (left) and Sgt. Owen J. Johnson take in the fabulous nightlife of Las Vegas, Nev. Both are members of HMR 163



Col. Harold J. Mitchener (left) CO of MAG 16, charts course to be followed on D-day with Major Homer L. Daniel, CO of HMR 163

All of the local guardians of the law agreed with the owners of the gaming halls, but for a different reason, that "Marines should be around more often."

With liberty out of the way, the troops and Gen. Brown's staff of experts on atomic warfare settled down to the problem of annihilating a simulated aggressor army homesteading in the Nevada desert. MCPAEB, as an element of the III Amphibious Corps, had successfully executed an amphibious landing—on paper—to the rear of the enemy force and now was assigned the mission of exploiting an atomic attack on the foe.

In this maneuver the latest Marine technique of "getting thar fustest with the mostest" was to be demonstrated. Vertical envelopment, fast and flexible and rapidly gaining the new title of third dimension attack, would be given the Marine twist. A company would be transported up and over the enemy by helicopter.

To prepare the uninitiated troops and helicopter crews in atomic warfare a rehearsal was scheduled two days before H-hour. The premaneuver exercise was to be carried out in its entirety, lacking just the big punch—the detonation of the atomic device.

The entire Brigade, less the helicopter

TURN PAGE

DESERT ROCK V (cont.)

ter pilots, boarded busses and trucks early in the morning of D-minus 2 and headed for the forward area of the Atomic Energy Commission's Nevada proving grounds. On arrival the troops were assigned trenches, then taken through the impact area. Helicopter pilots flew through their part of the show and then joined the ground Marines in the "walk through."

Scattered at varying distances from ground zero, the Marines saw almost every type of equipment now in use. Amphibious craft, communications gear and weapons were set up to meet the terrific heat, blast and radio active dust that followed the detonation. Canned rations of every kind also were a part of the experiment. Dummies wearing armored vests and Marine clothing silently awaited the big moment. Through the entire inspection Marines warily eyed the framework of steel that reached into the sky from the exact center of the target area.

One east coast Marine asked of no one in particular:

"D'ya suppose that gadget is sittin' up there now?"

His question was quickly answered by a Pfc from Camp Pendleton with the laconic reply:

"Ya oughta know better than that, Mac. We Third Marine Division guys are gonna stash it up there . . . and we ain't got around to it yet!"

Long before the uproar resulting from this sage rejoinder subsided the Marines were loaded aboard their trucks for the trip back to camp and two more days of fighting the desert dust before returning to the trenches of Yucca Flat.

"D" day came quickly. Saturday, April 18, was only one hour old as the Brigade again climbed aboard their trucks and busses and roared off to the inner sanctum of the AEC. Field jackets, dungarees and weapons were the uniform of the day. Shortly after 1:00 a.m. the convoy reached the first check point. Smartly clad AEC guards examined the passes, credentials and personnel riding in the jeeps and staff cars. The troopers in the busses and trucks were counted and checked against a master list. No unauthorized

persons were getting a free look at America's ace in the hole against aggression. The guards' thoroughness clearly reflected the top secret attitude of everyone connected with Camp Mercury, main AEC headquarters just inside the main gate.

Two hours later the Marines reached their destination and stepped down from their trucks to be greeted by the cold wind and a pleasant voice emoting from the loud-speakers that covered the entire area.

"Good morning, gentlemen. Welcome to Yucca Flat."

The cheery voice gave every indication of being holed up in a nice warm room, far from the expected detonation. Actually it was a tape recording made especially for the tests that involved troops.

By the time the Marines had walked to their six-foot holes in the ground, the predawn cold of the desert had worked its way to their bones and as usual, Marine versatility came to the fore. Sagebrush and the rotting limbs of fallen Joshua trees were quickly gathered. In a very few minutes fires were going full blast in the trenches.



Wave after wave of helicopters demonstrated the new version of "vertical envelopment" now being

used by the Marine Corps. 'Copters transported one company 2000 yards closer to the shot tower



Maintenance of helicopters was carried on in the desert despite the high winds. Covering protects windshield from the daily dust storms

Marines could take their choice; kneel down and chokingly keep warm or stand up and face the chilling wind.

One hour before blast time the genial voice again came over the public address system advising the participants that the AEC was about to set off 2500 pounds of TNT. The cold was forgotten for the moment as Marines lined the edges of their trenches to witness—for some of them—just about the biggest explosion they had ever seen.

The resulting flash and slight shock wave was disappointing to the tenants of the foxholes. The build-up for the big shot to come later had left its impression and Marines weren't going to get excited about a puny 2500 pounds of high explosives going off. They were getting their own personal blast, atomic style.

Nevertheless, the detonation of the dynamite had its part in the test. It gave the scientists of the AEC the opportunity to measure the shock levels in the atmosphere. This made possible a reasonably accurate prediction of where and with what force the blast waves would return to the earth. Depending upon atmospheric conditions, these very same blast waves have a nasty habit of bouncing back anywhere in one or more of the three states surrounding Nevada.

At ten minutes minus H-hour the word was passed to douse the fires and kneel down in the trenches. Almost to a man the Marines took one last look at the blinking lights that identified the shot tower looming up to their immediate front, then ducked down. A sergeant, veteran of World War II and Korea, and one of the last to kneel, was heard to say:

"Four thousand yards? . . . Man, that looks more like 400 feet!"

Suddenly the unidentified voice blaring from the speakers halted the pleasantries, the informative comments and adopted a more authoritative tone. The language became more crisp and to the point as the entire Brigade was ordered to "Kneel down, look down and STAY DOWN!"

Somewhere out in front of the Brigade-filled trenches a dozen volunteers, equally divided between the Marine Corps and the Army, also took one last look at the tower and knelt down. These men were using the same type trenches as the troops, their exact distance from ground zero was known only to the AEC and top officers of the Brigade. Even their purpose for being there was cloaked in secrecy. Fifty-three-year-old Gen. Brown, in a pretest press conference, added a note of humor to the announcement concerning the volunteers up front when he said:

"The doctors have set an age limit of 45 years for volunteers in the most forward area and I just missed being there by one day."

"Ten seconds!"

The terse voice now grated on the ears of the waiting Marines. Even the sheep in their assigned spots must have stopped their incessant grazing on the sparse desert vegetation to look up and ponder the air of expectancy that hung over the entire forward area.

"Nine seconds . . . eight . . . seven . . . six."

Seven miles behind the troops in the trenches, helicopter pilots revved up their engines and rotor blades beat impatiently at the air. Several 'copters hovered off the ground as if anxious to

get the show on the road. Somewhere in the area a drone plane with a monkey for a pilot and a crew of mice was preparing for takeoff. It was scheduled to fly through the radioactive cloud to gather vital information.

"Five seconds . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one!"

As the last second was tolled off the brilliant, dazzling and brightest light ever witnessed by man swept across the desert floor. It poured into the trenches, bathing the Marines in its cold radiance. As it struck the kneeling infantrymen the sheet of light turned the dark brown earth in the bottoms of the trenches a stark white. One Marine colonel described it vividly by saying:

"I instinctively closed my eyes as the blinding light hit, yet I could still see the pebbles and small rocks around my feet. Nothing could be done to get away from it."

The Marines pressed even closer to the sides of their trenches in an unsuccessful attempt to escape the light that left no shadows. Then came the shock wave. The earth trembled as if it, too, feared man's most powerful weapon, then rolled back and forth. Small rocks, dirt and dust cascaded down on the Marines.

A corporal associated the earth's movement with the rocking and rolling that goes with a severe earthquake. Another said it was like sitting on top of a gigantic dish of Jello. Still another said:

"There was nothing to hold onto . . . everything was moving."

Now the blinding light, well ahead of the shock wave, raced back to the helicopters (continued on page 74)

THEY ROLL

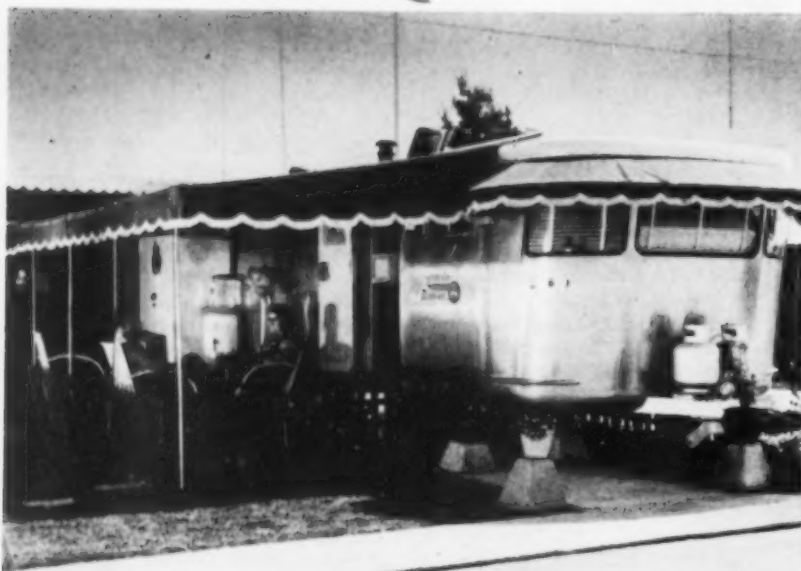


Photo by MSgt. J. W. Richardson
Commissioned Warrant Officer John P. Green and his wife relax on the "porch" of their 33-foot trailer at El Cajon, near San Diego, Calif.

MARINES WHO HAUL their living quarters around the country probably don't realize it but they are under the influence of a strange fascination. They were bitten by a trailer bug. Fortunately, they already have taken the simple, pleasant and only antidote for the malady known at the present time.

The remedy: buy a mobile home.

More than 11,000 globe and anchor families now reside on wheels. They belong to a clan which began growing at the end of War II when ever-increasing numbers of servicemen started buying trailers. Twenty-five percent of all coaches turned out nowadays are sold to military personnel. Trailer production itself reached a phenomenal peak last year when sales approached \$285 million; in 1945, the boom barely topped \$30 million.



L THEIR OWN

During the last war when finding a place to live was a hectic take-anything-you-can-get situation, trailer accommodations gained the unsavory reputation of being sub-standard living. It's not so any more. Today's trailers compare favorably with late model houses anchored to the ground at double the money.

Price tag alone could be reason enough for purchasing a house on wheels. Completely furnished—except for linen and dishes—new trailers range from \$2000 to \$6000, depending on the length. However, most trailerites at Camp Lejeune, N. C., claim that the healthy waiting list for government quarters and sky-high civilian rentals in the vicinity "forced" them into plunking their money down on a chrome castle.

Lejeune holds the distinction of having the largest concentration of

by SSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

Leatherneck Staff Writer

privately-owned trailers in the Corps. Nearly 1500 Marines have parked their rolling homes in the New River area. Camp Pendleton, Calif., is a close second. Many owners haven't had the opportunity to transport their homes from base to base yet but they eye that first jaunt with eagerness.

When Captain Dick Mooney was transferred from Lejeune to Salt Lake City, Utah, recently, the family readied for the move with the same pioneer spirit found in those hardy settlers who crossed the nation in covered wagons long ago. Such feelings are justifiable. Trailer manufacturers cite the Conestoga wagon as a rugged forerunner of the mobile home.

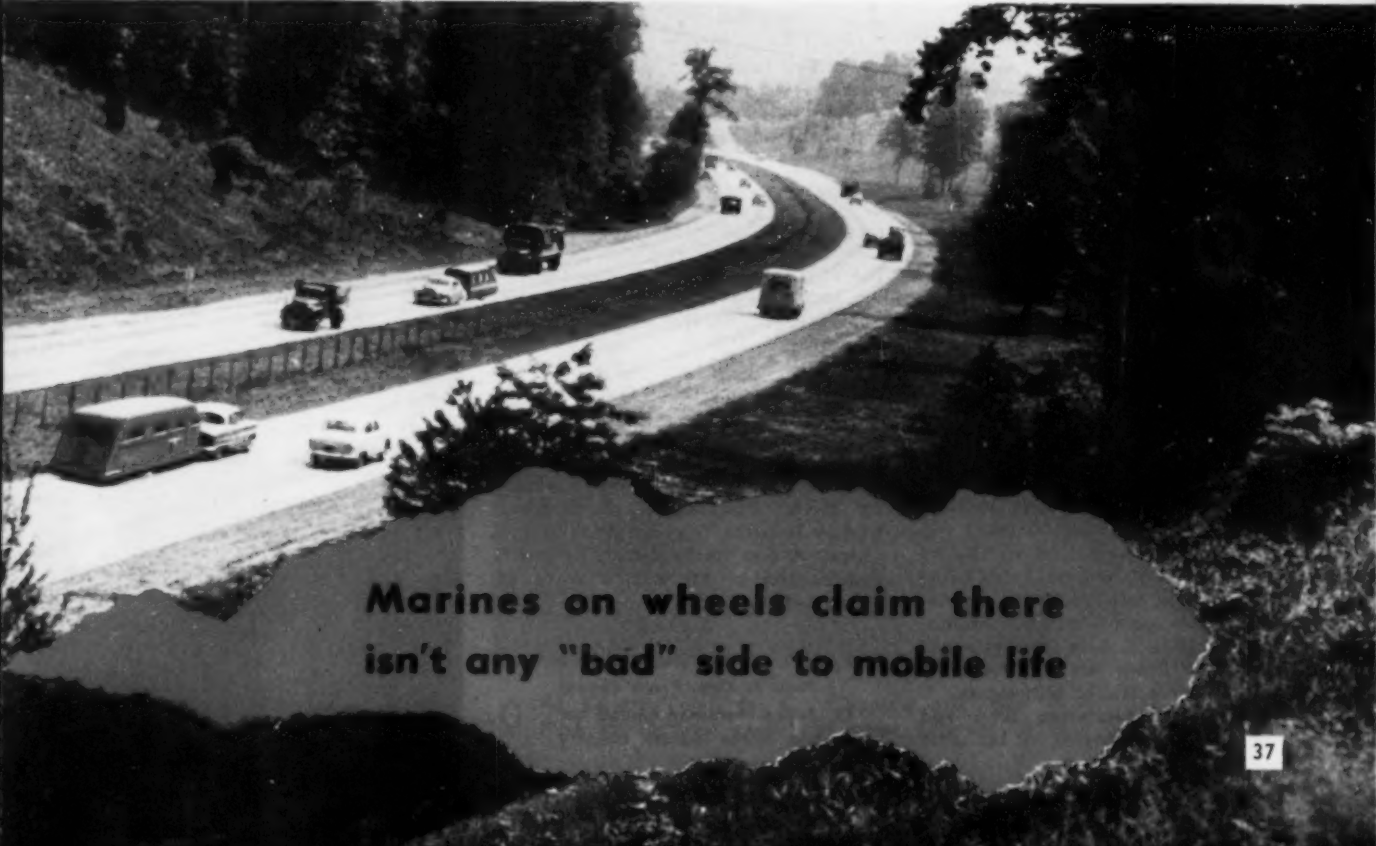
Staff Sergeant Randall E. Acord is typical of those who solved a Lejeune housing dilemma with a trailer. Eighteen months ago, Randy was promoted to staff sergeant. It put him in a higher housing bracket. Along with his new stripe, he got word to vacate his furnished abode. New diggings were available but without tables, chairs or beds. Moving in meant a huge chunk of pay would go for rent, another for new furniture. The Acord budget—already supporting a family of four—winced. Their first trailer was small; it has since been paid off and swapped in on a larger and more comfortable Pacemaker.

"We have every convenience," Ruth Acord said, "and a trailer is much easier to keep clean. It's not one-third the work of a regular house."

The Acords presently are settled on a 50x50 foot lot at Camp Knox, Le-

TURN PAGE

Photo by Louis R. Lowery



Marines on wheels claim there isn't any "bad" side to mobile life



Photo by Corp. Vangle Christoff
Bon voyage. When Captain Dick Mooney was transferred from Camp Lejeune to Salt Lake City, the family eyed the trip with pioneer spirit



Photo by Corp. Vangle Christoff
Marine Corps Trailer Spaces, Camp Knox—Lejeune's new site for private trailers—opened last February with facilities for 300 units

THEY ROLL THEIR OWN (cont.)

jeune's spacious new haven for private trailers. Knox—officially designated as Marine Corps Trailer Spaces—opened last February with room for 300 units. The rent, \$11.75 per month, includes electricity, water, garbage disposal and sewage. Ninety percent of all trailers in use today are equipped with bathrooms featuring toilet, sink and shower; newer models sport a bathtub. Plumbing can be hooked up in a few minutes. Community heads are no longer a part of modern trailer settlements.

Camp Knox handymen level and block all trailers moving in, set them

on the road when leaving. Laundry buildings with coin-operated machines dot the area, and a shopping center is planned for the near future. Owners need only furnish fuel for heating and cooking.

It's a sizeable improvement over the old trailer park located on Lejeune proper. Deemed an emergency measure during the Pacific war, the old park housed mostly government trailers. A few private units are still jacked up there. The impact of personal trailers is being felt elsewhere in the Corps. A new trailer facility is under construction at the recruit depot at Parris Island, S. C.

Photo by Corp. Vangle Christoff
Lt. Joyce Hamman hauled her mobile home across country

Civilian-run areas, like Memosa Trailer Park on the highway from Lejeune to Jacksonville, draw a large share of Marine trade. Those who prefer "country" living put down further out at Allen Hewitt's 40-space grove near Hubert, or at the Queen's Creek Trailer Park, easily reached from Triangle Outpost. Hewitt wasn't particularly interested when Commissioned Warrant Officer John P. Green, now the photographic officer at the San Diego, Calif., recruit depot, talked him into renting a bit of ground. Space by space, the park grew to its present capacity with Hewitt increasing his enterprise last January by jumping into the selling end of the business.

Proof of the rapid rise of mobile housing at Lejeune is proffered by Arthur W. Sellers who sold the first trailer to a Marine in Jacksonville. The sale took place just two years ago. Since then the number of trailer dealers has increased to half a dozen with "Pappy" Sellers now in business for himself as owner-manager of Trailer Haven Sales.

Owners—and dealers—complain that buying a trailer has one big drawback—the down payment. Although the government last year extended some recognition to trailers as permanent housing by removing a seven percent excise tax, prospective buyers are not entitled to the same privileges as folks who purchase conventional homes. G.I. loans don't apply here. One-third or one-fourth of the total price is required down. Getting that much loot together is oftentimes a sizeable chore.



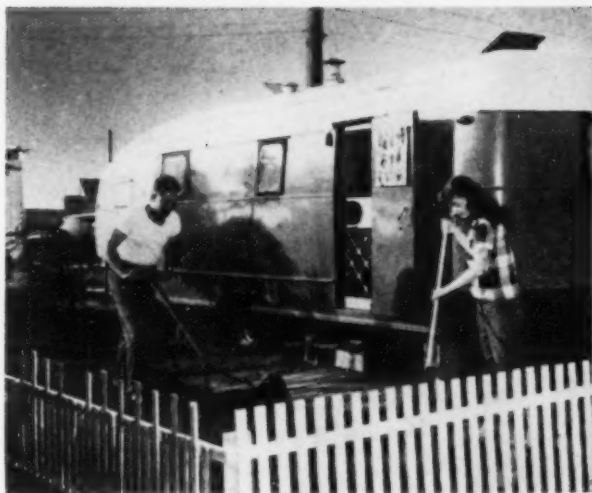


Photo by MSgt. J. W. Richardson

Sgt. Marion Mackey and his wife hold field day in the yard of their trailer at Oceanside, California



Photo by Corp. Vangle Christoff

TSgt. Howard Memmer and family enjoy dinner in their small but comfortable and efficient kitchen

Time payments run three to five years with banks no longer frowning on trailer loans. Usual interest rates are five or six percent. Staff NCOs find financing fairly easy to obtain; below that grade, it's necessary to have an established credit record. Insurance rates compare with automobile coverage.

State laws on trailers traveling their roads vary. Thirty-five-footers, an average length, can pass through most states without running aground of the Long Arm. In some states, a fee of a few dollars is extolled for units exceeding that size. It's wise to check beforehand. Turn signal devices don't have to be electric but some type is required. Clearance, or running lights, are also a must.

Trailer folks who have pulled their homes from place to place, like Corporal Vangle Christoff, who took most of the pictures illustrating this article, state that the voyage came off without incident. Christoff lugged his trailer from hometown Ann Arbor, Mich., to photo school at Pensacola, Fla., to Lejeune.

There are exceptions, though. Staff Sergeant Jerome P. Delkoski recalls these anxious moments:

When transferred from the Naval Ordnance Plant at Indianapolis, Ind., to Lejeune, he hitched up his homestead and lit out. Going through Ohio he encountered a steep hill which stalled his car. A passing truck stopped to bear a hand. Instead of letting the truck pull both the car and the trailer, Delkoski threw the machine into gear and tried to pull with the truck. The trailer broke loose, but didn't get far when he quickly threw on its electric brakes. Afterwards he discovered that the crisis was his own fault. He had

missed a turn which would have bypassed the hill. Maps with outlined trailer routes are furnished by automobile clubs; sometimes they come in handy.

And anyone who thinks hauling several tons of trailer is strictly a man's job should know about Second Lieutenant Joyce Hamman, executive officer of the Women Marines company at Lejeune. The comely 23-year-old lieutenant drove her 24-footer from San Diego to Lejeune in seven days. Like Delkoski, she had trouble finding the way. A wrong turn in El Paso, Texas, almost sent her barreling into Mexico!

Almost any late model car in good condition can handle a trailer. Lieutenant Hamman made it with a Jeep-

ster with overload springs. Automatic drive is preferred for even starting, but not necessary. The first 50 miles are considered the toughest—a stiff neck usually results from constant looking around to see if the thing is still there.

Truckers who jockey huge tractor-trailer jobs with the ease of a three-year-old riding his tricycle can usually be counted on for driving tips. Captain Robertson H. Galvin put some inside scoop to use when he took his mobile home on leave awhile back. Approaching a sharp turn in a small southern town, he pulled way to the left of the road, cut a hard column right and cleared all traffic and curbing by a few scant inches to the bewildered amazement of the local citizens who had (continued on page 72)



Photo by Sgt. Bob Crosby

At Cherry Point, N. C., Chaplain and Mrs. William Swets and their six children enjoy the close quarters of their mobile home

**"No scientist has ever explained to my satisfaction how
I walked over the fiery coals without roasting my feet"**



TAHITI FIRE W

by Wilmon Menard



A great hush followed the Chief's first step upon the pit. He hesitated a moment, then, with an almost hypnotic expression, he walked onto the glowing bed of rocks

WALK

I MET THE SWEDE of the First Marine Division during War II while he was in the rest-camp at Pavuvu in the Solomons. He was a lanky, drawling tow-headed farm boy from Minnesota, and at this time, he was on the verge of going rock-happy.

"Too damned dull 'round heah," he complained. "I ain't usta this quiet livin'." He had been through The Battle of Coffin Corner at Cape Gloucester and the mopping-up of Borgen Bay.

Swede got his wish for rough fighting on September 15, 1944, when the First

Marine Division stormed ashore at Peleliu. I met him the following morning. He was resting in a huge bomb crater beyond Orange Beach, close to the edge of the Japanese airfield, his aching feet immersed in a small pool of water that had filtered through the porous limestone.

"Oh, hi, Correspondent," he greeted me with a wide grin. "Tough goin', huh?"

I glanced about him. The bottom of the immense hole was thickly carpeted with piles of Japanese commissary records. I reclined beside him

TURN PAGE

Illustrated by
Norval E. Packwood, Jr.
Leatherneck Art Director

TAHITI FIRE WALK (cont.)

against the sloping, sooty side and we shared a ration.

The calm we were enjoying was broken by a sharp, crackling explosion which ignited the thick layer of rice-paper, completely covering the floor and sides of the crater with an angry

fire. Then my mouth fell open and I stared incredulously. Swede had taken off across this fiery bed in his bare feet! Once he stumbled, got up, slipped, and then proceeded carefully and slowly to the opposite side. His feet and ankles had been buried in bundles of flaming, glowing rice-paper. I scrambled around the rim to help him when he arrived; I figured he'd need first-aid badly for this "Asiatic" act.

"You dumb clown!" I yelled. "What are you trying to do—firewalk?" I supported him. "I'll help you down to the station. Your feet must be in terrible shape!"

Swede sat down and twisted up his feet for inspection. *The soles were untouched!* I ran my fingers wonderingly over the bottoms of his feet. Quite cool! I had expected to see them literally roasted, like overdone English beef. He stared dumbly at his feet, then at the burning pit.

"Did I walk across that in my bare feet?" he grunted dazedly.

"You sure did!" I exclaimed.

"Don't hurt a bit," he drawled, grinning. He put on his socks and boots, said goodbye, and loped off.

I had seen my second performance of firewalking.

My interest in man's strange experiments in fiery tortures had been aroused some years before when the late Robert Ripley, of "Believe It Or Not" fame, had sponsored a firewalking Hindu mystic, Kuda Bux by name, who strolled barefooted across two separate fire pits in a parking lot in Manhattan's Rockefeller Center. It is a matter of official record that three cords of oak and 500 pounds of charcoal burned for eight hours before Kuda Bux made the walk across the two separate ovens that a pyrometer registered at 1220 F. Attending physicians peered and smelled at the soles of the firewalker's feet, but found only one small burn, where a coal had stuck to his instep, but their nostrils detected no odor of burned flesh. I was one of the astounded spectators, and I was deeply impressed by the feat.

Recently, I was in Papeete, Tahiti, when word reached me that an Umuti (Firewalk) was to be held on the Island of Raiatea, 135 miles distant. I lost no time in booking passage on an inter-island trading schooner to be on hand for this ceremony. Little did I know then that I was to take part in it.

A native friend took me at dawn to the valley where the oven, heaped high with large rocks, was blazing. It was 30 feet long, 15 feet wide and four feet deep. It had been burning for two days. The huge rocks, which were settling to the level of the ground, glowed bright red in the faint light of

the South Pacific dawn. Now and then between us and the oven, the coconut-oil smeared bodies of Polynesian fire-tenders passed briefly, as they raked out the last of the log-cinders and levelled the hot rocks. It was a tableau not unlike a scene in Dante's *Inferno*. As I watched, I held my hand in front of my face to shield it from the intense radiated heat from the umu, or oven.

Chief Terii-Pao, the young and hereditary firewalker of Raiatea, had suddenly decided to call an Umuti, primarily of course, to pay sacred homage to two great goddesses of ancient days, but also to earn a few francs with which to buy a bottle of rum and a few yards of calico cloth for his woman.

Terii-Pao suddenly stepped from his nearby coconut palm marae (temple), and his attendants, similarly garbed in native pareau and sacred ti-leaves, followed. I could feel the crackling excitement that swept the clearing upon his appearance. The laughter, singing and loud talking ceased instantly. All eyes were fixed upon the handsome chief. He was a splendid figure standing at the head of his assistants. He turned, caught my eye and smiled. Once when we had sailed aboard a trading schooner to the pearl-diving atoll of Anaa in the Dangerous Archipelago I had gifted him with a case of foodstuffs; we were friends.

The many tourists who had voyaged on the inter-island schooner from Papeete, Tahiti, surrounded Terii-Pao and began a careful inspection of his feet. He submitted indulgently, grinning broadly at their thorough examination. I saw one of the tourists turn suddenly, walk to the edge of the fiery pit, and look full into the center of the oven for a few seconds. With a groan he clapped his hands over his face and backed away. I could see that his neck and face were badly seared and his glazed eyes streaming tears. Another, with the aid of a long stick, dropped a handkerchief upon the rocks and it turned almost instantly to a grey powder. The oven was certainly hot!

Chief Terii with head held high and with eyes uplifted to the opalescent sky, walked toward the end of the oven, a branch of ti-leaves held in his hand. There he stopped, striking the rocks three times with the tiwand, and he began to chant in Tahitian the ancient firewalking prayer. I, knowing the language, listened closely.

These were the words:

"O Being (Spirit) who enchants the oven, let it die out for awhile! O dark earthworms! O light earthworms! Fresh water and salt water, heat of the oven, darkening of the oven, hold up the footsteps of the walkers



and fan the heat of the bed. O cold host, let us linger in the midst of the oven. O Vahine-nui-tahu-rai, hold the fan and let us go into the oven for a little while!"

Then followed a measured trek of the first 10 steps to be made upon the fiery oven. Finally, Terii's loud and exultant shout of: "O Vahine-nui-tahura'i-e! All is covered!"

I shall never forget the great sigh and then the hush that followed the Chief's first step upon the pit. He hesitated a moment as if to be sure that the stones would not shift under his weight, and then, with an almost hypnotic expression, he walked onto the glowing bed of rocks. The tourists gave a gasp of dismay; the natives sat stiffly, unmoving, as if hypnotized. I watched wonderingly. This was no sham. A human being was walking on a field of rocks sufficient to roast one!

Terii crossed the pit and then turned and retraced his steps. Upon his return, his assistants formed in a straight line behind him. Again Terii struck the edge of the glowing rocks with his ti-wand; then he and his followers marched with firm steps across the oven. I could see the heat waves rippling above their heads, but there was no odor of seared flesh, as one might expect. I stared fixedly until they had traversed the oven, expecting every second that one of them would leap with a scream of agony. But each one passed across safely. The last fire-walker stepped from the oven, and Terii raised his ti-leaves, took his place at the head of the column and led them back across the fiery expanse. This was repeated three times.

With the third crossing, Terii raised his ti-leaves and cried: "Atira! Enough!" Then, unexpectedly, he turned quickly and *crawled across the thirty-foot oven of rocks on his stomach!*

At the far side he stood up, grinned and beckoned to the tourists to make their inspection. One of them placed his palm to the soles of Terii's feet and then turned a baffled face to the others, crying: "They're not even warmed!" I moved forward to examine his feet. They also were not even marked by the crossing of the fiery furnace!

Terii then turned to the assembled natives and exhorted those who were afflicted with any physical or mental taints, in need of spiritual purification, or who wished to test their courage with fire, to walk behind him over the hot rocks. Passing close to me, he caught my eye again, grinned, and stopped. "Perhaps you would like to walk behind me across the umu. You have lived long in our islands and understand our customs and ceremonies. But if you are afraid, it would be dan-

gerous to even attempt the firewalk."

It was his last remark that compelled me to kick off my sneakers, remove my socks and cry: "Haere outou! Let's go!"

A loud chorus of "Maitai! Good!" rose from the native onlookers.

I stepped into the column of walkers forming behind the Chief. Now my bravado was on the ebb. I was experiencing the first symptoms of fright, and I cursed the impulse that had made me accept Terii's invitation to walk behind him over the umu. There was the customary taut feeling in my throat, and my stomach felt as if it had suddenly been invaded with crazed butterflies. My heart started to pound violently; my head ached, and I wanted very badly to step out of line. I have always had an uncommon fear of fire, since the day of my childhood when I fell into a burning bonfire, and now that memory was intensified. The stalwart Tahua (priest) behind me gave me a light push. Terii had started toward the fire pit!

I clamped my teeth hard, inhaled deeply, and gave a belly-depth groan. Mechanically, I started to walk, and I felt not unlike a somnambulist proceeding toward a portentous fate. My legs felt numb and leaden; my heart was now thudding with jarring impacts against my ribs. Then my bare feet touched something uneven and elevated. This is it, I told myself; you'd better step out of line before it's too late! Another firm shove on my shoulders, and in the next instant countless tiny electric shocks pricked the bottom of my feet. It was not unlike the sudden jabbing of the skin with sharp needles.

Smothering heat waves shimmered before my steadfast eyes, compelling me at last to half close them. It was like the sudden rush of heat that explodes from the widely flung doors of a huge blast-furnace. The heat of the oven all but suffocated me. My lungs became filled with super-heated air, and I felt I would collapse if I did not breathe pure cool air quickly. As if from a great distance, through a long windswept tunnel, I heard the murmuring of the spectators. And as I walked I felt that I must surely present an abject figure treading behind Terii, if my physical aspect matched my mental unrest.

Then, suddenly, the tingling sensation on the bottom of my feet ceased, and I knew that I had crossed the oven. I glanced down at my feet. They were untouched! Every pore of my body filtered rivulets of sweat.

Quickly I was surrounded by the tourists, who lifted my feet and wiped away the dirt to search for burn marks. There were none! The natives shook



my hand, and gave complimentary shouts of "Maitai-roa! Very good!"

Oddly, at that moment I searched the faces of the tourists who surrounded me for a knowing glance, perhaps the face of a (continued on page 77)



"There, you see? That recoil's not bad, is it?"



"Yeah, just for the summer vacation!"

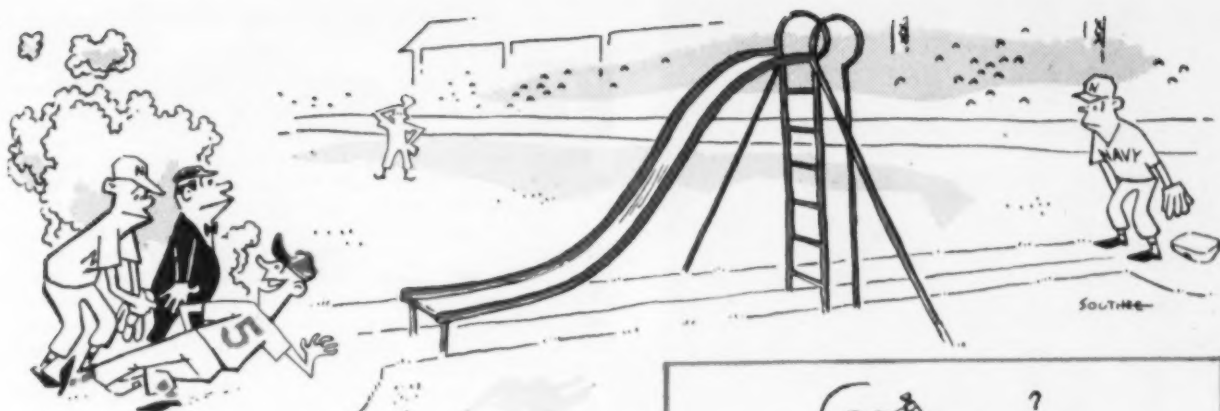
Leatherneck Laffs



"Every detail has shot expert since we started using the new silhouette target!"



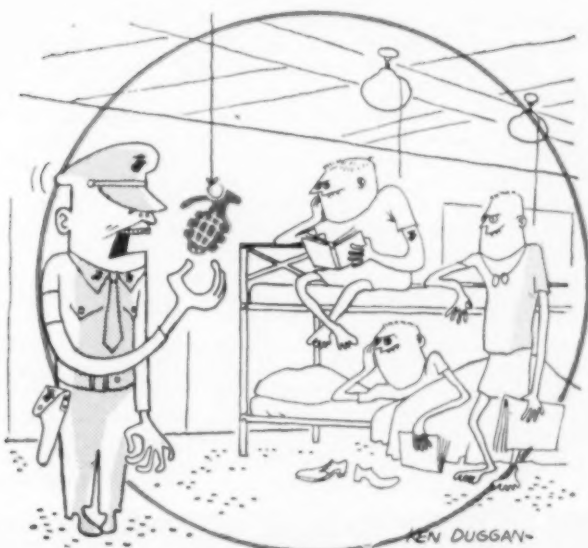
"I don't mind living with 'em, but when they get Gung-Ho . . . !"



"Nice slide, huh?"



"After de Doc examines me, I says, 'T'anks',
and here I am!"



"Come 2200 and these lights go . . . EEK!"



THE FEET THAT SHOOK THE CORPS



by Sgt. Fred de Luna, USMCR

THAT PAIR OF FEET was unbelievable—even when you saw them. So how could I ask you to believe what I'm going to say?

But there's been a lot of 'scuttlebutt about those feet, and for Jones' sake I want to give you the straight scoop just as I saw it happen. It began at boot camp.

Jones was the sorriest-looking recruit you ever saw, a big, bony, red-headed eightball who was always puffing, as if he'd just double-timed around the Parris Island parade ground toting a field marching pack. I discovered him standing near the window where the boots draw their first gear. He was asking for four pairs of boondockers instead of the usual two.

"Who do you think you are?" I boomed in my best D.I. voice.

He puffed desperately, then drawled, "It's just that both my feet's the same."

I was about to chew him out, but I couldn't help glancing down. I gulped. There, side by side like a couple of amtracks, were two huge, bare left feet. And they were attached to one pair of legs!

A man gets to see some strange things during a dozen years in the Corps, but the sight of those two grenade-sized big toes aiming off in the same direction almost flipped me.

"How long you had those?" I snapped. It was a stupid question, I know, but anything else would have sounded just as crazy.

"All my life, suh. Everybody back in Tennessee heard 'bout me. Folks call me Lefty-Lefty Jones."

At ease, Sergeant, I told myself desperately. A good NCO is supposed to keep cool in any emergency. I stalled for time by continuing to peer at those fantastic feet.

There was nothing wrong with Jones' legs, except that they were long and knobby. But his right ankle was turned inside out, and below that, where his right foot should have been, swooped that other left foot.

Not only were his feet both lefties, they were gigantic. His size turned out to be 14½ triple E, and there were only two pairs of boondockers in stock that would fit him.

"You're lucky I had those," growled the supply man. "Nobody's supposed to have feet that big."

He probably would have dropped if I'd told him the other oddity about Jones' feet. While Jones climbed into the left shoes, I chased away the other recruits, who were beginning to sense something unusual. I had to keep reminding myself that this was really happening. It was a problem for the Old Man, I decided. Leaving my assistant in charge of the platoon, I marched Pvt. Lefty-Lefty Jones over to the company office.

Lieutenant Wilson was even more shook than I.

"Have you had your salt tablet today, Sergeant Stone?" he asked, eyeing me closely. "Did I hear you say you have a man outside who has two left feet?"

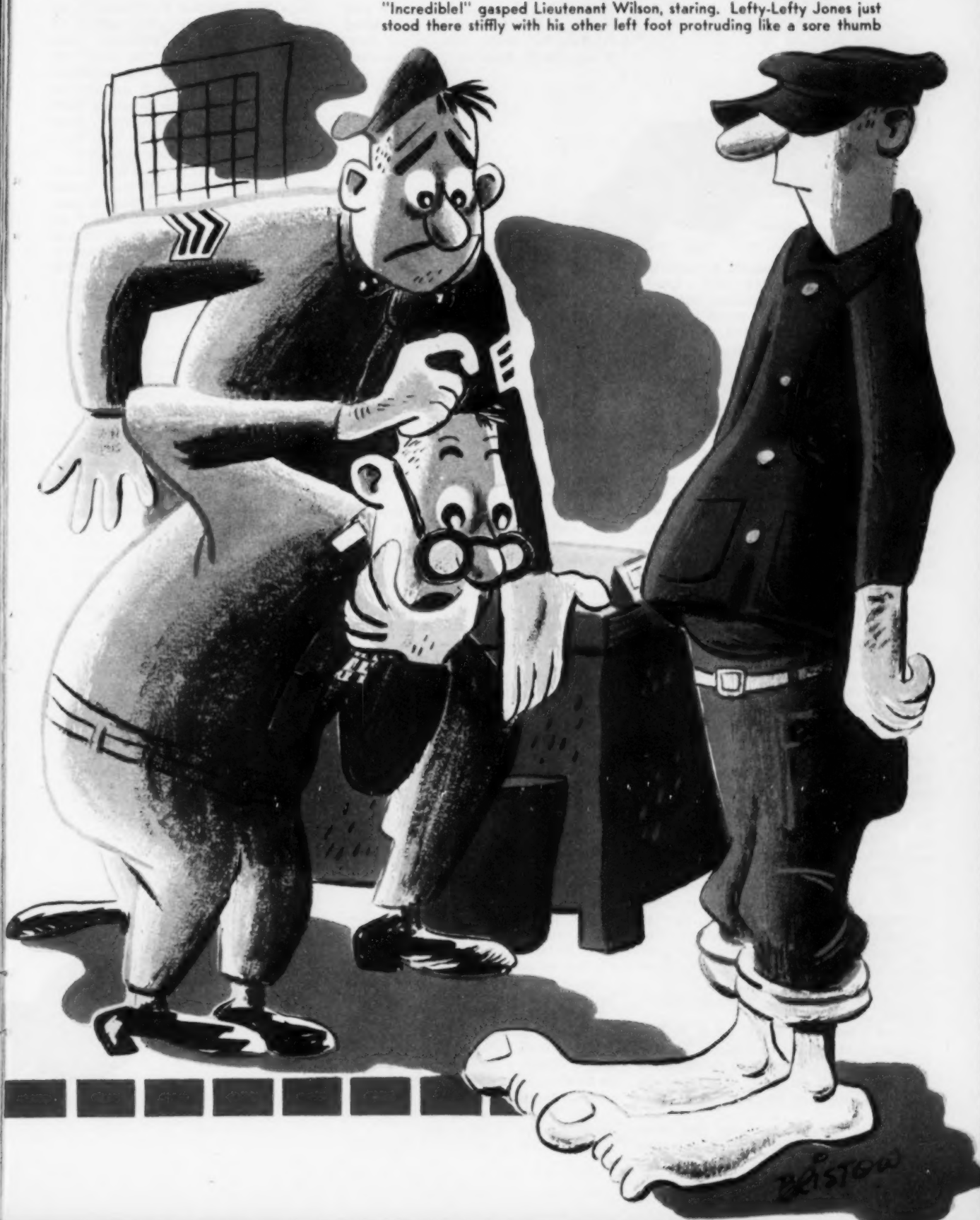
"Yes, sir. I know it's crazy, but I saw 'em! You can see for yourself."

The lieutenant slowly raised his bulk from the swivel chair, assumed one of those "you'd better not be snowing me" expressions, and ordered Jones in.

Now, Lieut. Wilson and I were together at Tarawa, and I know him for a mighty cool customer. But this time he nearly lost control of himself.

TURN PAGE

"Incredible!" gasped Lieutenant Wilson, staring. Lefty-Lefty Jones just stood there stiffly with his other left foot protruding like a sore thumb



FEET (cont.)



"Incredible!" he gasped as soon as Jones stepped into the office. Lieut. Wilson removed his glasses, carefully breathed on them and wiped them off with his handkerchief, put them back on, and stared again.

"Absolutely unbelievable! Young man," he growled right in the recruit's sweating face, "do you know that you're scientifically impossible? Two-headed calves, yes; midgets, yes; Siamese twins, yes. But two left feet? No!"

When the office staff began to crowd about, Lieut. Wilson remembered who and where he was, and calmed down. He began making phone calls, pausing now and then to gaze at Jones' feet and mumble something to himself. He had to keep repeating the same words over and over into the receiver:

"Yes, sir, I know it, sir, but I'm looking at them right now, sir. No, sir, I don't need a 30-day leave. . . ."

After hanging up for the last time, he sighed, then wagged his head sadly.

"We've got to keep him. Nobody can figure out how he passed the physical, but then nobody can figure out why he shouldn't pass, at that. As the colonel pointed out, there's nothing in the Marine Corps Manual that says you can't have two left feet."

He ordered Jones to wait for me outside.

"Sergeant Stone," continued the lieutenant gravely, "we've got to keep this hushed up. No telling what may happen if Congress finds out about it. We're to treat Jones like an ordinary recruit until the general has time to check with the Commandant. I'm swearing my staff to secrecy under pain of court-martial, and I want you to do the same."

"I'll keep it strictly within the squad-bay, sir," I promised.

As I turned to leave, Lieut. Wilson cleared his throat uneasily. "By the way, have Jones report to the battalion office in half an hour. The general's coming over and wants to see it himself."

While the general and the other wheels examined the left feet, I picked

up a book called "Strange Freaks of Nature" at the post library. I was reading it that night in my room when I heard three heavy raps on my door. It was Jones. After the usual prelimi-

naries, I gave him permission to speak man to man.

"Suh," he complained, "I know my feet look powerful strange to some folks, but suh, I'll be in boot camp all my life if everybody's got to see 'em."

"Nobody'll bother you any more, Pvt. Jones."

"Suh," he continued earnestly, "I just got to get to Korea fast. I gotta be a hero."

"A hero!" I snorted. "Listen, Jones, you'll be a hero if you live through boot camp." I dropped into heavy sarcasm. "Just why do you have to be a hero?"

The gangly recruit, who had been staring straight at the bulkhead all this time, looked down in embarrassment. "For my pappy," he said simply as his ears reddened. "My pappy told all the folks back home that my brother and me were going to Korea and would sure come back heroes. Only my brother went in the Army, so. . . ."

"Okay, okay, Jones." I strode over and poked my nose under his jaw. "Jones, you'd better not give the Marine Corps a bad name. You WILL go to Korea and you WILL be a hero! Do you HEAR me?"

His wide face lit up like a rocket battery at midnight. "Yuh, yuh, suh!"

"Now, shove off!"

If you've never seen a man with two left feet trying to do a right about face, you've missed a rare spectacle. Excited as he was, Jones whirled wildly around and hit the deck nose first. Somehow, I kept from guffawing until he had scrambled out of the room.

Next morning the word came from

Lieut. Wilson. Headquarters, Marine Corps, had classified Pvt. Jones as top secret! Orders were going out to all posts and stations, wherever Jones might be transferred, to keep the knowledge of his second left foot strictly within the Corps. If it got out, the Marines would be the laughing stock of the Pentagon. But everybody knew it would be impossible to keep some scuttlebutt from floating around.

In the meantime, I had a lot of drill-busting to do. Lefty-Lefty Jones turned out to be a good man, sharp in map-reading and combat formations. He was nearly as clumsy as he looked, though, especially when it came to flanking and facing movements. The rest of the platoon considered Jones a



freak, naturally, but I worked them so hard they didn't have much time to think about him.

They dared to laugh only once. That was the day I fouled up myself. The troops were in greens for the first time, and I was giving facing movements outside the barracks before marching to evening chow. They went through without a hitch until the very last command.

"LEHF' face!"

The green-clad recruits shifted as smoothly as a Notre Dame backfield. Except for one big clown in the rear squad. He had spun the wrong way.

"Your OTHER left!" I roared automatically.

Then I saw it was Jones. I didn't have the heart to stop the platoon from laughing, especially since I was doubled up myself.

As I say, although Lefty-Lefty was a good Marine, the other recruits were always kidding him because he was good-natured enough to let them get away with it. On graduation day he seemed proudest of all.

Before he left on boot leave, Jones thanked me for not making fun of him like the rest, and promised to be a credit to his D.I. in addition to being a hero for his pappy. It made me feel good, even though I didn't expect to lay eyes on his two left feet again. He was bound for Pendleton and Korea, while I figured to retire from P.I.

As it turned out, I did see Lefty-Lefty Jones again, and in Korea. But in the intervening months the stories about him really got around. The way I heard it a couple of times, there was a big guy out at Pendleton with two left feet plus two left hands. Whoever passed out the yarn never failed to warn that it was strictly hush-hush on orders of the Commandant.

By the time they finally shipped me to Korea, it was the summer of 1952,



I found Jones sitting glumly in a bunker, examining the sole of one of his huge left shoes. When he spotted me, he was as happy as a liberty-hound on payday.

"Sarge, Sarge!" he pleaded, puffing anxiously, "you've got to help me!"

"Why the sweat, lad?" Jones brought out the fatherly part of the D.I. in me. "You've been here long enough to be a hero, haven't you?"

"No, Sarge," he wailed. "Nobody gives me a chance to be a hero for my pappy."

Lefty-Lefty Jones spouted all his trouble like a greasegun spewing lead.

In the first place, although he arrived the previous winter, he had just managed to get to the front. It was all because of his feet. There wasn't a pair of those Mickey-Mouse cold-weather boots in the Far East big enough for him. They kept him in reserve all winter.

Now that he was in the lines, with only three weeks to go until rotation, he was still cooling his big heels. Although everybody liked him, they still thought of him as a freak. They never sent him out on patrols, because they figured a guy with two left feet must be unsteady on them.

"And now I've got to go back in reserve again," groaned Lefty-Lefty, waving one of his boondockers under my nose. "Look, suh, they're worn out, and. . ."

"I know, they don't have your size in stock." (continued on page 76)

and the dug-in war was on full blast. I felt right at home when I found out my company commander was Captain Wilson, my old CO at P.I. He had further news for me: one of the corporals in my squad had two left feet, size 14½ EEE.

"Not Jones!"

"Who else?" grinned the captain, appearing philosophical about the whole affair.

by SSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by

MSgt. J. W. Richardson

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Luncheon in the swank twelfth floor Sky Room. Lt.Col. Valentine P. Hoffman, USMCR, and Sgt. Francis McDonald enjoy chow and view

CROSSROADS ON THE COAST



WOODY JONES AND I were sipping joe in the coffee shop on the first deck of the Marines' Memorial Club in San Francisco. Woody is a salty old master sergeant whose four hashmarks always remind me that I am a boot. The gray on his roof says he was a Marine when the "new" Corps was in grade school. We had met a couple years ago and I had run into him again the previous evening.

It was too early in the morning after last night's liberty and conversation was slow. Inevitably, the few words we swapped drifted to the club and its facilities. We had barely launched into the fact that a half hour in the coffee shop is guaranteed to turn up an old buddy when Jones, whose eyes

Desk clerk Mart Wiley, left, and Major General Evans O. Ames, USMC (retired), general manager, scan reservation list



Sgt. William S. Coleman, First Divvy alumnus, and Corp. Harold J. Marquette admire club's carpeting



Back from Far East, MSgt. John Crandall and TSgt. Krumly Hart checked in, broke out phone book

had been tracking a course in the glass wall from the lobby to the arcade to Sutter street, slapped his cup on the counter with a hurried "S'cuse me!" and darted out the door, leaving me muttering in my cold black joe.

"Damnedest thing," he said when he came back after a few minutes, "I haven't seen that guy since we did duty together at Norfolk in 1936!"

When three Marines who had shipped with me at different times showed up at the club in the next two days, it could have been a coincidence. But it wasn't. It happens all the time. Retired Marine Major General Evans O. Ames, the club's general manager, has met more former shipmates at the club in the last six years than he ran across while pulling a 30-year tour of active duty.

The 12-story skyscraper on the corner of Sutter and Mason streets—near the heart of downtown 'Frisco—opened on November 10, 1946. The plate glass portals of this unique establishment—another first in Corps history—haven't closed since; east- and west-bound Marines have been meeting there with amazing regularity.

The club was Ames' idea—a plush place catering exclusively to Marines. The general proposed the establishment of a "living" monument to all who have ever worn the Marine emblem with dignity and honor.

Although a mortgage still hangs heavily, the club operates on a sound financial level. To eliminate this drain on operational costs, Gen. Ames inau-



The main dining room of the Marines' Memorial Club enjoys a wide popularity among members and guests. Frances Hegle is the hostess

CROSSROADS (cont.)

gured the Mortgage Retirement Fund. Donations from Marines and their friends everywhere are helping bring closer the day when the piece of paper which constitutes a huge debt will be burned with proper ceremony. Early disposal of the mortgage will save thousands of dollars in interest. Ten-dollar donors join a growing circle of bronze certificate holders.

The structure was formerly the Western Women's Club. The ladies are still

tinental Marines have applied for their cards). Army, Navy and Coast Guard personnel showing proof of service with Marine units are entitled to associate memberships. Gold Star parents and wives, plus parents and children "over 21" of active Marines, receive guest cards.

Men on active duty visiting the club usually leave their rate or rank on the sidewalk outside. "Marine" is the only title that counts there. Younger members naturally show senior NCOs and officers due respect; once acquired, military courtesy is hard to forget.

One hundred and twenty-two hotel rooms occupy most of the building. Many more could be filled easily if

paperwork—gets a break on transportation duty. Formerly, the department had to bus all over town picking them up for a ride to the pier. With most of them staying at the club now, one trip nets nearly all passengers. When a ship-load of rotated Marines hits town, the arcade and lobby are knee-deep in luggage.

Three bars keep Marine palates irrigated. Most popular is the twelfth floor Sky Room. The view of the city and harbor from this swank spot is equal to that offered by the famed Top of the Mark, a few blocks up Mason street. Biggest difference is the tab; club prices are low. A buffet luncheon is spread in the Sky Room daily except Sundays and holidays.

Less formal drinking spot is the fourth floor Globe and Anchor Room. Bartender Harry Wong, who has a reputation for remembering old customers, has been dispensing cool ones there for the last five years.

The third spa is the cocktail lounge on the eleventh deck, next to the ballroom. The polished oval bar is open only on Friday and Saturday to accommodate the weekly dance crowd on those nights. One former Marine who attended a small nearby college had a bright idea at graduation time. He invited the entire graduating class down to the club and signed 60 couples in as his guests.

Other club facilities include swimming pool and steam room, barber shop, club exchange, 640-seat Marines' Memorial Theatre, smaller Nicholas Hall, dining room and tailor shop. Stores and shops in the arcade are leased to civilian merchants.

"Old Timers" in the area meet at the club every Sunday morning for a round of pinochle. Their big buffet-and-beer get-together is an annual occasion and seldom missed by many of the old, retired characters of the Corps. "Just what is an old timer?" once posed a problem for the group, but they settled on anyone with three or more hashmarks. Dutch Miller—who can fall back on 33 years in uniform for an unending source of sea stories—is a ringleader.

Pat-on-the-back for Ames' brainchild has come from Washington, D. C., New York, Philadelphia and Los Angeles and other cities asking for similar Marine clubs in their areas. Other services query the general on why they haven't got a club of their own. Stock answer is, "There's no law says you can't have one."

Perhaps the greatest compliment to the club itself is the people who run it and their labors to uphold the motto: "A tribute to those Marines who have gone before; and a service to those who carry on!" **END**



Facilities at the club are complete. Marines and their guests relax in the swimming pool. Steam room, gym and barber shop are available

there; they rent a small portion of the building. After Pearl Harbor, it was enlisted by the Waves as a barracks. Marines set up a beachhead in June, 1946, and a complete renovation was hurried for the November opening. Currently, it's on a par with any private club in town but unlike these contemporaries, membership is free. There are no dues, initiation fees or assessments.

According to a background bulletin published by the Marines' Memorial Association, "regular" membership is open to anyone who has had honorable service in the Corps since 1775. (As yet, no musket-loaders from the Con-

tinental Marines have applied for their cards). Army, Navy and Coast Guard personnel showing proof of service with Marine units are entitled to associate memberships. Gold Star parents and wives, plus parents and children "over 21" of active Marines, receive guest cards. Men on active duty visiting the club usually leave their rate or rank on the sidewalk outside. "Marine" is the only title that counts there. Younger members naturally show senior NCOs and officers due respect; once acquired, military courtesy is hard to forget.

One hundred and twenty-two hotel rooms occupy most of the building. Many more could be filled easily if



THE OLD GUNNY SAYS . . .

"I WANTA TALK to you men about some habits which have developed lately that have gotta be corrected. You know, in the last war whenever some guys got in a tough spot—surrounded and all that—and they called their own artillery down on their position to drive off the enemy, well, they usually got a few medals for the stunt. Now lately, a lotta our people have been calling for 'box-me-in' or 'VT' friendly mortar and artillery concentrations right on top of their positions when the 'goonies' are getting in close—and it's old routine stuff.

"But here's the point, you can't remain holed up in them bunkers and tunnels and expect the mortars and artillery fire to do all the work for you.

"In the first place such a habit usually wastes a lot of expensive ammunition. Ammunition has to be conserved for the most profitable targets. Also, it's a bad habit to use support weapons all the time on targets which can be reached by your own organic weapons. Besides, your own infantry weapons are more accurate and easy to control.

"You should call in your protective concentrations and counterfires, but every man-jack has also gotta man his weapon and his firing position in the defensive area. If you stay huddled up in a big hole the enemy will get on top of your position and clobber you like sheep.

"Each machine gun crew and each BAR should be put in action as soon as the enemy comes within effective range and before he gets to grenade and assault distance. Break up his attack

with your fire superiority from your well dug in *fighting positions*.

"Remember all your fine weapons, fire positions and piles of ammunition do no good whatsoever if you don't fire the weapon whenever you have a good target. Whether you are attacking or defending, your ability to gain fire superiority over the enemy, followed by your own maneuver, or stopping the enemy's movement, are your constant missions and they depend upon you firing your weapons.

"You NCOs have gotta drill this into the men. What's more you must constantly check their weapons to insure that they are in top shape, ready to fire. Does each man in the outfit know his mission? We can't get in the habit of taking these things for granted.

"Each man should know the zero of his weapon and his fire sector. Lie down behind the gun and observe what can actually be seen through the sights. Observation and fields of fire often appear quite different from a prone or dug in position. Leaders must check each position and change it if necessary to do the job.

"Also don't let weapons emplacements or fighting holes turn into living bunkers. They'll do it every time, if you don't watch it. Comfort has gotta be sacrificed for observation, fields of fire and concealment.

"You leaders must check these things

daily. See that each man knows his job and how he fits into the defense scheme. Insure that each man knows his 'alert' position and the relief and watch system.

"In addition, of course, even during defensive trench warfare, each man has gotta act, look and talk like a Marine. We can never relax." **END**





Clarence Yackey



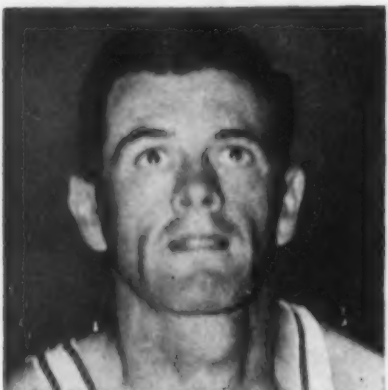
Jim Smith



Joe Stratton



Wally Baird



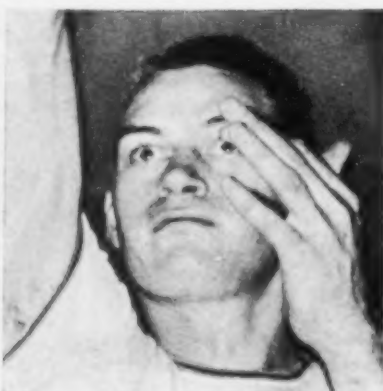
Gene Garrett



Rip Gish



Jim Haverder



Glendon Anderson

Leatherneck's

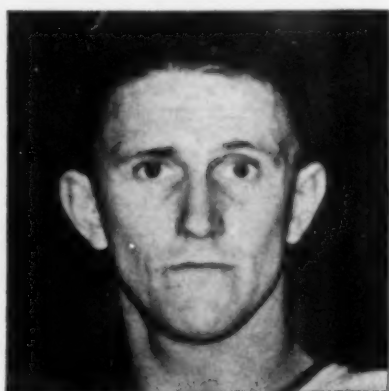
basket

QUANTICO'S ALL-MARINE basketball squad and runner-up, San Diego Marine Corps Recruit Depot, each placed three men on LEATHERNECK's 1952-'53 outstanding player list. Parris Island placed two men, while Cherry Point, Camp Lejeune, Camp Pendleton and El Toro each had one representative on the LEATHERNECK squad.

Paul Arizin, Jim Walsh and Rip Gish led the Quantico team to All-Marine honors with two straight victories over the San Diego Marines. Arizin, former Villanova All-American, scored 61 points in two games against the West Coast champions.

Jim Walsh, former Stanford player, participated in every Quantico game during the 1952-'53 season and scored 30 points against Phillips "66" Oilers in the AAU tournament at Kansas. He was the highest individual scorer against a Phillips team.

"Rip" Gish, honorable mention All-American at Western Kentucky, compiled an 11-point average over the



Jim Walsh

All-Marine ball stars

by MSgt. Thurston A. Willis

Leatherneck Staff Writer

season and scored 20 points against San Diego in the second game.

San Diego's Glendon Anderson, Jim Hoverder and Joe Stratton led the Recruit Depot team to the West Coast Marine title and almost upset mighty Quantico. Anderson and Hoverder provided the scoring punch while Joe Stratton turned in an outstanding performance at a guard position. Hoverder and Anderson were selected on the AAU All-American team for their fine work in the tournament.

Hoverder scored 24 points in each game against Quantico while Anderson racked up 17 in the first game and eight in the second contest. Stratton slipped in 17 points in each game.

Despite the efforts of these three stellar players, the Quantico team eked out a four-point decision in the first game, winning 91-87 and rolled up a nine-point advantage in winning the second contest 94-85.

Wally Baird and Clarence Yackey are the Parris Island players on the LEATHERNECK list. Yackey was

the South Carolinians' top point getter for the season and played with the Quantico team in the All-Marine finals at San Diego. Wally Baird was a standout floor man and rebound artist throughout the season.

High scoring Leroy Smith is Camp Lejeune's contribution to the honor squad. Smith, a former Long Island University star, had a 28-game average of 24 points on 252 field goals and 169 free throws.

Cherry Point's John Spanbauer, former Niagara University guard, participated in 27 games for the Flyers. Spanbauer scored 110 free throws and 154 field goals for 418 points.

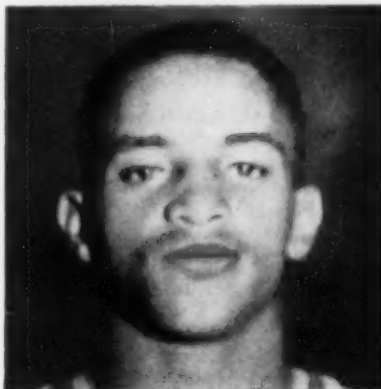
Jimmy Smith of Camp Pendleton was one of the top floor men in West Coast basketball. An excellent set shot, he racked up a 14.2 average for the year.

El Toro's Gene Garrett rounds out LEATHERNECK's All-Marine squad. The top West Coast Marine scorer, Garrett bagged 446 points for an average of 22.1 per game.

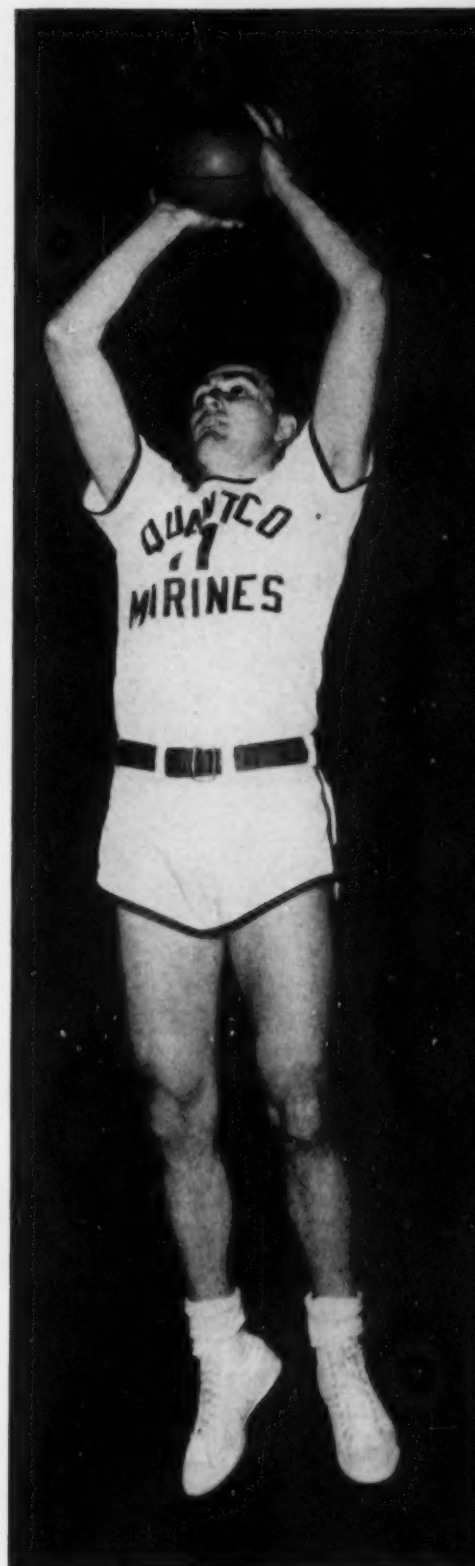
END



John Spanbauer



Leroy Smith



Paul Arizin

**The Red outpost had harassed
the Fifth Marines long enough.
The time had come to take it**

SINCE THE SPRING of 1952, a small piece of real estate about a thousand yards in front of the MLR had been causing trouble for Marines on the right sector of the line. Regiment after regiment wished there wasn't a place called Ungok.

But it was there, covered with Communist forces, well dug in. The little hill was listed officially as an enemy outpost, but any Marine of Able Company, Fifth Marines will give you a different version.

"Man," he'll say, "it seems like there were as many men on it as there were on Bunker Hill."

Ungok will be remembered by the Fifth for a long time. It will be remembered for the little cemetery on one tip and for the frozen dirt and rocks where a lot of good Marines fought bitterly; it will be remembered, too, for the days when enemy snipers held field day on any Marine who stuck his

◀ Machine gunners move ahead on the double to support the raiding party on its return trip



UN-GOK

by TSgt. James F. Coleman

Photos by MSgt. H. B. Wells
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Enemy action is noted during raid. Spotter relayed word to the artillery unit in support ▶





Fifth Marines rush a hard-hitting 75-mm. recoilless rifle into firing position. When the Marine raiding

party called for help, the recoilless weapons came through with deadly accurate supporting firepower



Artillery pounds the enemy to cover withdrawal of the Marine raiding party



Crewmen remove wounded buddies from tank after direct hit from enemy artillery. Tanks doubled as armored ambulances

head above the trenchline on the MLR.

At intervals, raids had been pulled on Ungok and on its neighboring peak, Hill 101, to keep the Reds from fortifying the position to a tenable degree. The raids were to get prisoners, tear up tunnels, trenches and bunkers.

In February, 1953, the determined Marines planned a raid which was intended to put its inhabitants in permanent retirement. The day before the raid, thousand-pound bombs with delayed action fuzes had been rained on both hills. During the night the bombs went off, ripping up the mound and keeping the enemy awake.

But their sleepless night didn't affect their accuracy in firing on the Marines

the following day. In full realization of the Reds' fortifications, the Marines knew their enemy would be waiting for them when they got to the top of the hill.

Support was terrific for the Fifth on D-day. Able Company mortars, Eleventh Marines artillery, 4.5 Charlie Rockets, Able Company tanks, and Marine Aircraft Wing planes carried their share of the operation.

The infantrymen moved out at 0810 with BARs, Thompsons, flame throwers, light machine guns—the works.

One platoon, commanded by Lieutenant Raymond G. Murphy, was to sweep Hill 101 in a diversionary attack, and the other platoon, commanded

by Lieutenant Eugene S. Asher, was to move up on the objective, Ungok.

As the Marines moved up the hill they burned or blew up everything in their path; nothing was left untouched. They got to the top of the hill without encountering the enemy.

And then the enemy hit them with everything.

They came right in behind their own terrific barrages of mortars and artillery, trying to knock the Marines off their hill.

One Marine, manning a flame thrower, caught three unlucky Chinese coming up a trenchline. Marine tanks moved up on Ungok with the infantry and helped knock out many enemy

TURN PAGE

UNGOK (cont.)

positions which were giving their ground buddies trouble. Hand to hand fighting was heavy.

A Marine tank was hit, and immediately another backed up to it. Within

seconds the tanks, one in tow, left the hill with enemy mortars chasing them, trying to knock out both of them.

Marine casualties started to pour in at the end of a trenchline. They were hastily loaded inside tanks and on armored personnel carriers. Any man who could be spared became a



Captain Amo F. Judd, skipper of the supporting company, briefs MSgt. Joe Hensley on mission of raiding party attacking Red-held Ungok



After wrecking enemy installations on Ungok, members of the raiding party return to our main line of resistance for a well earned "break"



litter bearer.

A lieutenant shouted, "Leave two men on each position and get everyone else here for stretcher bearers." Sticking his head into a bunker he shouted, "Get the hell out here and bear a hand with the wounded."

A lone Marine appeared without a helmet. "Get back in there for your helmet," shouted the lieutenant. Then he realized the boy was badly shaken. The lieutenant grabbed him and put an arm around his shoulder, "Sorry lad, take it easy. Do you think you can make it? Go back and lie down if you want."

The youth shook his head and said, "No Sir, I'm all right now." A little understanding and a kind word from his lieutenant brought fresh confidence.

Armored carriers were racing to and from the hill, always through heavy enemy mortar fire, stopping at the finger of Ungok only long enough to load casualties, and then return to the forward aid station behind the MLR.

Korean Service Corps laborers carried other wounded back to the MLR along another path to the aid station.

Able Company tanks dodged enemy shells as they rolled over the rice paddies on countless mercy runs.

On one trip a tank, after delivering its cargo of wounded, was on its way back when it received a direct hit, putting it out of action. The outstanding teamwork of the tankers became evident; another tank had hitched onto its disabled mate, and dragged it back to the shelter of the MLR.

The fierce fighting lasted for several hours. When the word came to pull off, the weary Fifth Marines trudged back to the safety of their own lines under a heavy protective cover fire of mortar, artillery and tank shells.

It had been one of the best raids the Fifth had ever pulled. All enemy positions in Ungok had been damaged or completely destroyed.

As the infantrymen flopped down on sandbags or helmets back at the aid station, one could hear: "Anybody seen Charlie?"

"Yeah, he caught a little piece, but he'll be back with us in a couple of days . . . Anybody got a smoke?" **END**

dateline... *Korea*

Edited by
SSgt. John P. McConnell
Leatherneck Staff

Long Range

An Army colonel, CO of a POW compound, was awaiting supplies expected by ship. He knew the type and number of the ship but was uncertain of the arrival time. Several hours notice would be needed to gather men, trucks and equipment for unloading and handling.

The officer in charge of a Marine Ground Control Intercept Detachment nearby heard about the colonel's plight and offered to keep a lookout for the tardy ship. Skeptical of radar's capabilities, the colonel forgot the offer.

Several mornings later, a ship was spotted by Marine radar, apparently heading toward the camp. By coincidence a Navy patrol plane was flying in the vicinity. A quick call by radio—requesting identification of the ship—was rewarded with not only the type of craft but the number of the hull.

The Marine officer figured the mileage to be traveled by the ship and divided by its speed. He derived the approximate time the supplies would arrive.



Then he called the colonel and informed him that the supply ship could be expected about 1500 that day.

The ship arrived at 1500.

The colonel, still a bit skeptical, commented, "Lieutenant, I knew that

you could see things on that scope of yours, but I didn't realize that it could pick up numbers on a ship—over 100 miles at sea."

PIO, FMAW

George Did It

His name is George but his men still call him "Wild Bill."

First Lieutenant George Yates, a

platoon leader, swears by his men and they return the compliment.

Here is the story Lieut. Yates tells of his platoon's latest brush with the enemy:

"We were sent out to protect several tanks which were supporting a large-scale raid on Red positions.

"When we got there, one of the tanks ran over a land mine, knocked off a tread and was raising a terrific racket. I sent out squads to the left and right of the small hill where the tanks were. We were barely set up when the Com-mies hit.

"Those stories about Chinese bugles are not exaggerated," he continued. "The Reds hit on the first note of a horn that sounded like the ones we use back home on New Year's Eve.

"Along with the bugler came 200 Chinese with burp guns, grenades and choice phrases about Marines and their ancestors."

"That first wild charge killed three of our men to the far right," said Sergeant G. A. Lockwood, the platoon guide.

Lieut. Yates, Sgt. Lockwood and several others were together in a temporary Command Post in a Korean graveyard.

"I could see Reds running around in the rice paddy in front of us like conventioners," drawled Lieut. Yates. "Right then we decided to use illumination shells to light up the area so we

TURN PAGE



Photo by Pet. Skeeters, USA

Army Lt. Gen. P. W. Kendall pins Bronze Star on Marine Captain Howard J. Connally, his former aide, who also won the Silver Star



Official USMC Photo

TSgt. Bill Henson's buddies celebrate his rescue from enemy lines. Reds downed radar man's plane



Photo by SSgt. Martin Riley

Recon company Marines play "blind man's buff" in Korea. Game is used to snap-in the nightfighters

DATeline . . . KOREA (cont.)

could see 'em better."

Along with the fire from Lieut. Yates' men, the Chinese met several thousand rounds from supporting arms to add to their already hopeless plight. The Reds were trapped and they knew it!

"The lieutenant was all over the place," said Pfc Greg Valles, a fire team leader. "One time I saw him firing his carbine into the rice paddy. It jammed so he threw it down, grabbed a Thompson and sprayed a couple magazines all up and down the paddy."

"Then he'd run up and down checking positions between rounds of illumination. After the Chinese hit us two more times, he ran over to one of the tanks and climbed aboard; the next time I saw him he was firing the tank's 50-caliber all over the place."

Lieut. Yates kept things going until 0300—five hours from the time he took up his position with the tanks. By that time the remaining Reds had made their way back toward the north.

"Those men of mine were really 'hot to trot'," he said. "When we received orders to return to the main line of resistance, I actually had to convince them that we just couldn't chase the Commies all the way into their own lines."

TSgt. Bill Daum,
Combat Correspondent

The Big Picture

It would be a big job to photograph a continuous two-mile-wide strip extending from Los Angeles to Detroit. But Marine Air Group-33's photographic squadron accomplished an equal task over Korea in only seven hours flying time.

Flying twin-jet *Banshees*, pilots flew the equivalent of once around the world to set a new record for jet-equipped Marine photo units.

When the pilots completed their photo flights, the work of the squadron was only half finished. For 18 hours First Lieutenant Harley S. Hardin and his photo lab crew processed film and made prints. A total of 8000 feet of film was developed for over 5000 negatives and 17,000 feet of paper were used to make 10,550 prints.

Prints were on their way to Fifth Air Force headquarters less than 22



hours after the first plane had taken off to begin the mission. Some were forwarded to Eighth Army headquarters and others to division commands.

Lieutenant Colonel William M. Ritchey, CO, called his squadron "the finest outfit I've ever served in." He gave credit to both the pilots and the ground men.

A distinction which makes photo group missions different from those of other squadrons is that a flight is not completed until the aircraft lands safely with the exposed film. For that reason, photo planes don't fight back at attacking aircraft.

Col. Ritchey pointed out that it is sometimes difficult for a Marine pilot to resist the temptation to fight and most pilots new to photo work have to suppress the desire for combat. "It's

frustrating," the Colonel commented.

In an afterthought on the squadron's record day, Col. Ritchey explained that it was a nice way to celebrate 13 months of the squadron's existence.

PIO, FMAW

The Bunker

The bunker is inconspicuous. It's a plain rectangular affair, 12 feet long and 9 feet wide. During the daytime it's quiet. But it changes with the night.

Darkness brings a slight tension. This is the company command post bunker and the lives of 250 men are controlled here. It's the heart of "Easy" Company, Fifth Marines.

The normal daily activities in the CP start at 0800. The phone watch changes and the company CO and Exec end their few hours of slumber, throw water on their faces and start another day.

Until noon the bunker remains fairly vacant. Captain C. C. Jones makes his daily rounds of the company's front at this time, walking the trenchline and speaking with his men. First Lieutenant Hubert Strong is busy making out reports and regulating the day's affairs.

Noontime to darkness sees an increase of activities in the CP. At least one of the four phones is always busy; from time to time the door opens and anyone from a rifleman to the regimental commander may enter. Platoon leaders come in from their own CPs to talk with the captain about the past night's activities and hash over plans for the coming patrols into "no-man's land."

As darkness sets in, a blanket is draped over the entrance and a flap seals the improvised window. The lantern is lit and its humming noise pro-



Photo by SSgt. Martin Riley

Fifth Royal Inniskilling Dragoons (in stripes) tangle with Fifth Marines soccer team. Irish won match



Official USMC Photo

An FMAW quartet harmonizes in English but the men are from Puerto Rico, U. S., Korea and China

vides a background for the night's frequently shattered silence.

At 2000 Pfc Hugh McCleod picks up the sound phone and informs the captain that the first reconnaissance patrol has departed. Eight men move away into the night—a single strand of wire connects them with the CP and friendly lines. The night's work has begun.

For the next three hours, the sound power phone is the center of attention in the smoke-filled bunker. At intervals the patrol checks in. It reaches its destination and starts back. When the word comes in that it has arrived, the two officers breathe easier.

The patrol leader enters the bunker and makes his report. After he leaves, the officers check it over. The first obstacle has been safely passed.

At midnight the second reconnaissance patrol leaves friendly lines and the vigil begins anew. During the following hours a quietness fills the bunker. Weariness marks men's faces.

A report is received from a forward observer that movement has been spotted on a nearby hill and sounds of digging are heard. He phones in the location and within minutes three mortar rounds are on the way. Enemy activity comes to a halt.

After the patrol passes its first check-point, a pot of coffee is placed on the stove. Now the cigarette stubs are filling the butt cans. Most of the artillery fire has ceased.

Midway through the early morning the second patrol returns ending the tension in the bunker. The patrol leader reports—the night's work is completed. Now only the watch in the trenches remains.

The lantern is turned out and a candle takes its place, leaving only a hushed silence in the bunker. Capt.

Jones and Lieut. Strong climb into their sleeping bags. The phone watch drinks black coffee to stay awake.

Another night is almost over. It's quiet in the CP again.

Sgt. Greg Pearson,
Combat Correspondent

Purple Heart Sentry

Pfc Donald J. Finzen considers himself a lucky man—despite collecting four Purple Hearts in four months.

He even got one while serving as main gate sentry at the Fifth Marines'



area. The others he won on the front lines.

His latest was picked up while standing watch during the bloody battle for Vegas outpost. Believing himself far removed from the scene of action, Finzen realized his mistake when several "big ones" crashed about his post.

Due to the pressure of battle, all available members of Finzen's guard company were sent to reinforce the Marine lines. He was left behind because of his three previous wounds.

"I heard the stuff coming in," he said, "and couldn't believe it. I jumped into a shallow hole near the guard booth, but couldn't pull my left arm in. And, of course, that's where I got hit!

"I just seem to draw fire wherever

I go. But then—you might say I've been kind of lucky."

PIO, 1st MarDiv

Soccer Match

Good will was the order of the day when men of the First Anti-Tank Company played host to the Fifth Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, the Irish Tank Regiment of the British Commonwealth Division. The reason for the "invasion" of the Marine sector was a soccer match, the first between the two organizations.

Sergeant George S. Bock, Jr., organized and coached the Marine team. Only a few men in the company had ever played before and most had never seen a soccer game.

Construction of a playing field, or "pitch" as the Irish call it, was the biggest task. Every man in the company turned to and the field was cleared of stones, rolled and marked with lime. Because of the terrain features, the finished pitch was shorter and narrower than a regulation field.

The Dragoons' team arrived in full soccer uniforms, tennis shoes and the Colors of Ireland. Marines wore basketball uniforms and boondockers.

After formal introductions the game got underway and the visitors took an early lead. In the first half the score see-sawed and ended with a 3-3 score. This surprised the Irish—it also surprised the Marines.

In the second half Trooper Coltman of the Dragoons scored a goal but Pfc Barkos of the Marines evened the tally again with a sweeping boondocker boot of the ball.

The tie was short-lived as the Irish put on steam for another goal. At the final whistle the Dragoons topped the Marines with a 7-5 score.

After the game the Marines feted

TURN PAGE



Photo by C. C. Fulpe, PHs
Sgt. Matteo DeSimone and Corp. Albin Fischer take time out for fun after washing their tank. That's DeSimone behind the big splash

DATELINE . . . KOREA (cont.)

their conquerors and held a beer bust in their honor.

MSgt. H. B. Wells

Orderly Mail Orderly

Master Sergeant T. F. Korner, who now serves at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, claims the following incident happened in Korea:

A battalion mail orderly—we'll call him "Joe"—was a conscientious fellow. At times he was too conscientious. When misaddressed mail came into the battalion, Joe would wander throughout the regiment and try to deliver the letters to the addressees.

His superiors considered this a waste of time because the First Marine Division post office already had a locator system. He was given instructions to knock off the practice. Joe was to simply mark the misaddressed mail NOT IN THE 2ND BATTALION and place it in the return letter bag.

Cut off and surrounded by the SOP, Joe confined mail delivery junkets to his own battalion. He lived up to the letter of the letter law—all misaddressed mail was returned to the Division post office.

There were no exceptions. One day a letter came in addressed to "Major General Oliver P. Smith, USMC, First Marine Division, C/O FPO San Francisco, California." Joe looked at it, remembered his orders, stamped it NOT IN THE 2ND BATTALION, and

flipped it into the return bag.

Fright For Bright

Pfc Raymond L. Bright was on patrol when he stepped on a Red land mine. During the explosion here's what happened to the 21-year-old Marine:

The first aid pouch was blown off his cartridge belt.

A number of his ammo clips were punctured.

His left trouser leg was shredded from

foot to hip.

His flak vest was peppered with fragments.

The explosion also knocked him down. But Bright stood up, took care of two minor scratches and carried on with the patrol.

PIO, 1st Mar. Div.

Air Brakes

Marine Air Group-33 has found a way to stop a 10-ton object traveling 160 miles an hour.

The problem of how to stop a crippled jet aircraft on only a mile and one-half landing strip was solved at a forward air base with "home-made" equipment.

If a plane can't be stopped short of the end of the runway it means certain loss of the plane. And sometimes, the pilot. When a jet has its brakes or flaps shot away on a strike against the Communists, the Group crash crew has six tons of special gear ready.

The arresting gear consists of a wire stretched across the runway with 500 feet of salvaged anchor chain attached to both ends. A jet hitting the device at great speed can be brought to a stop in about 2500 feet—with no damage to the plane.

The pilot contributes to the stop by dropping the tail hook normally used for carrier landings; the hook catches the wire. All Marine combat planes are equipped for carrier operations.

A Skyraider became the first propeller-driven plane to be arrested with the device. The crippled plane was hauled to a stop in 1000 feet.

PIO, FMAW
END



Official USMC Photo

Major Norman O'Bryan surveys Red ack-ack damage on his plane. His 99th combat mission—out of the 100 required—was nearly his last.

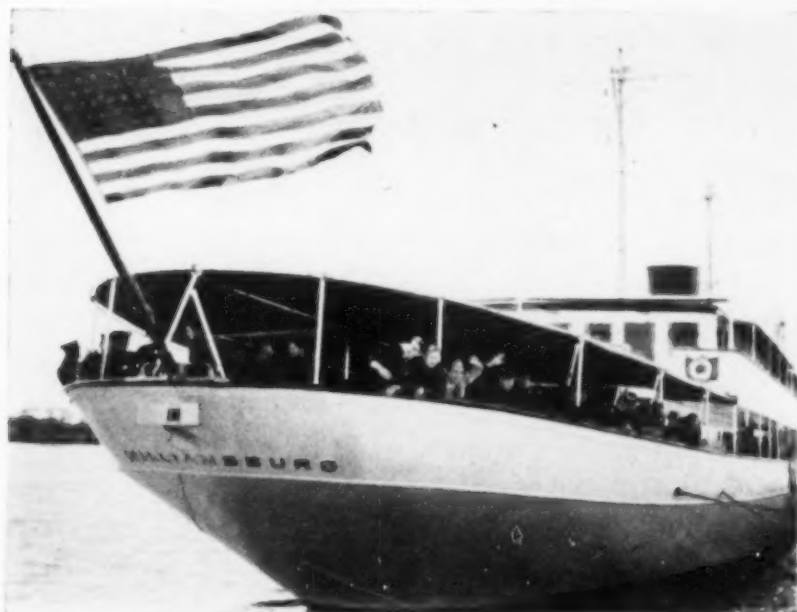
Marines in Review

Ex-President Harry S. Truman recently watched 2500 Marines pass in review at Marine Corps Air Station, Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii. It was the first parade of a major Marine Corps tactical unit in Hawaii since World War II.

The enthusiastic crowd cheered Mr. Truman as he made a quick tour of the line by weapons carrier and then took his place on the reviewing stand beside Lieutenant General Franklin A. Hart, Commanding General of Fleet Marine Forces in the Pacific, and Brigadier General James P. Riseley, who commands the 1st Provisional Marine Air-Ground Task Force, FMF.

We-the Marines

Edited by TSgt. Curtis W. Jordan



UP Photo
Presidential yacht Williamsburg recently became an excursion boat for wounded veterans. Plush ship will later be placed in mothballs



The parade was a prelude to the turning over of operational control of Marine Group 13 and the 3rd Battalion Landing Team to General Riseley's task force. The review was an impressive testimonial to Marine Corps readiness with all the organic weapons of the landing team taking part. The formidable jet aircraft of the air group were also included in the show.

Among the crowd of 300 civilians and military personnel who watched the array of Marine Corps men and weapons, were Mrs. Truman, daughter Margaret, and many military and civic officials.

Music was furnished by a 55-piece band from Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, and the Fleet Marine Force Drum and Bugle Corps.

Sgt. Ernest A. Greer
P.I.O. 1st Provisional
Marine Air-Ground Task Force, FMF

Bi-centennial Marines

Marine recruiters drew the attention of President Eisenhower recently when he stopped off at Salisbury, N. C., to address 12,000 persons packed into the Catawba stadium during Rowan County Bi-centennial celebrations.

Over a Southern States-wide radio network, he thanked the Marines for providing him with a most unusual color guard.

As the President appeared on the speaker's stand, the Marines were pointed out to him. The first citizen

TURN PAGE

Official USMC Photo
Former President Harry S. Truman, Lt. Gen. F. A. Hart and Brig. Gen. J. P. Riseley, review Marines of 1st Provisional Air-Ground Task Force, Kaneohe Bay

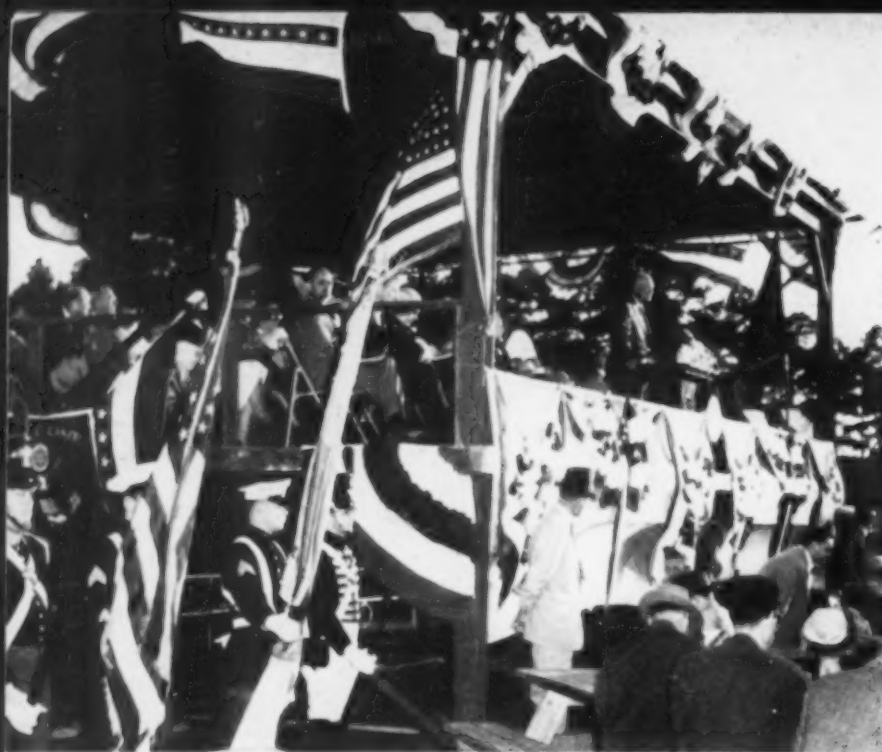


Photo by MSgt. Fred Braitsch, Jr.

Marines in uniform of today and a century ago, form color guard for President Eisenhower during his address at Salisbury, N. C.

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

glanced over the rostrum at the color bearers garbed in Marine uniforms of the present era, and of 1775, 1812 and 1847. During the entire bi-centennial the Marines were represented by Salisbury recruiters, retired Marines and a Marine on boot leave.

The Second Marine Division Drum and Bugle Corps from Camp Lejeune marched with the color guard in the mammoth two-hour-long parade. More than 100,000 persons lined the two and a half-mile parade route to watch colorful floats, old model cars, wagons, mounted riders and paraders. It was the largest parade in the county's history.

Sergeant Joseph B. Russ, NCO in Charge of the Salisbury recruiting station, directed the Marine participation. He was aided by Sergeant Harry L. Coates who took charge of the color guard, massed colors and Marine publicity during the celebrations.

The color guard and massed colors represented the Army, Navy, Confederate States and the Marines.

Private First Class Richard Fortner, on boot leave from Parris Island, volunteered his services to the recruiting office that had enlisted him a few months earlier. He wore the uniform of a Marine of 1775 during the presi-

dential ceremonies.

When Sgt. Coates finished marching in the parade he watched the remainder of the show from the sidelines. A small boy struck up a conversation: "Man," he said, "a's never heard such jumpin' music as dose Marines played. Sarge, make 'em go through da parade again."

MSgt. Fred Braitsch

Parachutes

Pfc Mary E. Smith was the first Woman Marine to make a parachute jump.

While at Cherry Point she became interested in parachute rigging and flight equipment work. She requested assignment to Parachute Rigger School, Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey. Students attending this school must test their work by making a live jump with a 'chute packed by themselves.

Pfc Smith entered the Marine Corps in June, 1952, and received her recruit training at Parris Island.

P.I.O. HQMC

Cloak and Dagger

Alert military police caught a "spy" recently as he tried to make off with maps of a training operation from the Marine command post at Twenty-nine Palms.

The espionage agent wore a Marine dungaree uniform with red shoulder

epaulets and North Korean insignia. He spoke a foreign language.

Under persistent questioning by intelligence officers, the spy finally broke down and identified himself as a member of Reconnaissance Company, Third Division, a Marine assigned the job of harassing, infiltrating and disrupting the Twelfth Marine Artillery Regiment undergoing maneuvers.

The pseudo enemy agent was a member of a company of aggressors attempting to cause chaos in the operation of the artillery unit.

"Friendly troops" in the Third Division contend with security problems in their every day operations. Spies infiltrate all units and each man suspects even his own tent mate.

After the spy incident, a combat correspondent assigned to cover the 10-day operation was sharing a tent with the first sergeant when he was picked up by the intelligence section for questioning. Unable to convince officers that he was a reporter, a guard was assigned to accompany him and check his movements during the remainder of the operation.

At Pickel Meadows in the Sierras recently, troops of the 3rd Battalion,



Photo by U.S.N.A.S., Lakehurst, N. J.

Pfc M. E. Smith, first Woman Marine to make a 'chute jump

Ninth Marines, captured a 16-man patrol including the commanding officer. The Pickel Meadows aggressor unit is probably the most highly developed in the Marine Corps. They stage continuous attacks on trainees almost every day of the week, swooping down on skis or infiltrating during the night. They make life miserable for the troops. As an incentive, the Pickel Meadows aggressors are given extra liberties if they capture a field grade officer or above.

P.I.O. Third Marine Division

Island Honeymoon

Staff Sergeant William H. Labhart was sitting on a high Korean hilltop when he learned that he was leaving the war and would be stationed with the 1st Provisional Marine Air-Ground Task Force, FMF, at Marine Corps Air Station, Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii.

He had been waiting to get married for two years and this looked like an opportunity to realize the dream shared by most newlyweds—a honeymoon at Waikiki, the Pali, Koko Head.

Labhart wrote his fiancée, Dolores J. Farmer of Cannelton, Indiana, to explain that there would be no leave in

the States as he had planned. Would she like to be married in Hawaii? She agreed.

When the sergeant arrived by plane at Kaneohe Bay, less than 24 hours from the Korean front, his bride-to-be was only a few hours behind him, winging in from the States.

Friends of the sergeant who had arrived from Korea a few days ahead of him, contacted Navy Chaplain Robert E. Anderson and made arrangements.

The wedding was held in the air station chapel. Vows were exchanged in low, tight voices while dozens of Marine buddies looked on. One of Labhart's best friends, Technical Sergeant John Manion, a combat buddy, served as best man.

Capt. Jack Lewis, USMCR

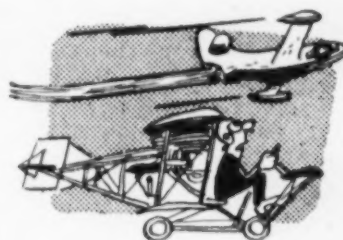
MSgt. Wooley

The 5000-hour mark and the completion of 20 years of flying in the Marine Corps is a proud and happy event; Master Sergeant Sid Wooley of the Marine Corps Air Facility, Santa Ana, California, will celebrate it this month. In the past two decades the 48-year-old pilot has flown almost every type

of flying machine the Marine Corps has been able to latch on to.

Wooley's first flying assignment after he received his wings back in 1933, was to Quantico, Va., and he pulled duty in the same squadron with a young aviator captain named William J. Wallace, now Lt. Gen., ret. Wooley flew the old Grumman "Helldiver" in the early days of Marine aviation and a few years later graduated to amphibious type planes.

Following the bombing of Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, Wooley was ordered to VMJ-2, stationed at Ewa, Hawaii, and it was during this tour of duty that the groundwork was laid for his "most interesting tour of duty."



UP Photo

2dLt. Dick Pope, Jr., and Anita Richardson put a new twist into a doubles act as Anita does a backbend on his shoulder at resort spot

Prior to the invasion of Guadalcanal he was transferred to the South Pacific and flew high ranking officers on scouting missions over New Hebrides, jumping off spot for the landings, in a search for future airstrips. When operations to wrest the Solomons Islands from the Japanese began in earnest, MSgt. Wooley says he was the only pilot and had the lone plane of VMF 212. He also lays claim to using the beach on Efate before a landing strip was ever built.

Wooley wasn't always a flyer; ground slogging has also been a part of his 24 years of service. He did a four year hitch before getting flight training and participated in the bandit chasing campaign of Nicaragua.

One of the oldest active Naval aviation pilots, Wooley believes in the old adage "it's never too late to learn" and just four years ago he shifted from fixed wing aircraft to helicopters. Last year, after nine months in Korea with VMO-6, he assumed his present assignment at the Marine Corps Air Facility as inspector and test pilot.

MSgt. Roy Heinecke

Togs for Tots

Marines of the 2nd Battalion, Sixth Regiment, Second Marine Division, recently embarked on a six months good will tour of the Mediterranean. They are distributing more than 200 complete outfits of clothing to needy Euro-

TURN PAGE



Quantico Sentry
"Miss Kissing Lips" of 1952-'53 (center) displays key to Quantico Air Station to four of the twenty contestants in the Navy Relief contest



Official USMC Photo
Puffboard used in range estimation practice was built at cost of \$2.37 by Pfc's K. Stienner, J. Ortega and F. Jaeger. It retails for \$125

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

pean kids, ranging in age from tots to teenagers.

The outfits were collected by the Marines on a platoon and company level for two weeks prior to departure from Camp Lejeune. Because of the short length of time, the drive was not made camp-wide; however, clothing was received from many groups anxious to help in this worthy cause.

The campaign was labeled "Togs for Tots," and was organized and handled by Lieutenant Leon S. Darkowski, ChC, USN. The clothes will be distributed in ports bordering on the Mediterranean.

Corp. Peter Baird

Help Wanted

Private Daniel W. Counterman, Jr., a Second Division Marine, has 1300 good reasons for being indebted to a couple of practical jokers in his outfit.

Counterman, an ammunition carrier for the Division's 2nd Ordnance Battalion, griped about the lack of mail coming his way. A couple of his buddies who had been patiently listening to his gripes secretly entered his name in the lonely hearts column of a pulp magazine. The deluge followed.

From every state in the Union, Canada, Alaska and Hawaii, came hundreds of letters from sympathetic young ladies anxious to soothe his aching heart. Counterman hasn't time to gripe any more. He's too busy trying to answer his correspondence. He has a special locker where he stores more than 1300 letters he has received to date. And each new day brings another bundle of letters from feminine admirers.

With the exception of one letter from a married couple, all of Counterman's correspondents are single women. And the 50-odd snapshots he has crammed into his bulging wallet would seem to indicate that they are all sharp looking dolls.

Salesgirls, secretaries, service-women, (WACs and Naval Reservists), students, nursing trainees . . . "You name 'em," challenges Counterman, "and I've got 'em."

According to the Ordnance Battalion Marine, the youngest to write is a 12-year old, and the oldest, 30. Most of the letters were written by students from 15 to 18 years of age.

After reading more than 800 letters, Counterman explains that the girls seem intelligent, and write nice letters. "A lot of them are lonely or on the outs with their boy friends," he said, "and a great number of them are from small towns, where, the girls claim, life is dull and men are scarce."

Most of the girls want to hear from him "right away." Since he doesn't have the time to answer all the girls, Counterman has enlisted the aid of many of his buddies who are lending helping hands and pens in the writing department.

In the meantime, Counterman just keeps on reading and writing.

Sgt. Robert Warner
P.I.O. Second Marine Division
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Old Hands

When Master Sergeant Warren L. Gulley recently reported aboard the Columbus Naval Air Station in Ohio to serve as the Air Detachment's new Sergeant Major, he was greeted at the gate by an old shipmate, Leonard Kruse, BMC (Boatswain's Mate Chief).

The last time they had seen each other Gulley was a Pfc and Kruse was a Seaman Second Class. The two men served together aboard the USS *Savannah* in 1939, '40 and '41.

MSgt. Gulley said that Kruse hasn't changed much since the old days when they used to lie awake nights thinking of ways to harass each other.

"The last time I saw this hand," Kruse said, giving the Marine a firm hand shake, "he hit me with it."

Kruse is now security chief at the air station. Both men admit that they've settled down since those hectic days. What caused the transformation? Marriage . . . what else?

P.I.O. U. S. Marine
Air Reserve Trng. Cmd.
NAS, Columbus, Ohio

Platoon 130

It's a mixture of Grimsleys, Martins, Smiths, uncles, nephews and brothers, brother!

The Smiths are brothers and uncles of the Martins, who are brothers and nephews of the Smiths. And the Grimsleys? Well, they're just brothers.

Sergeant Walter A. Bennett, drill instructor of Platoon 130 at Parris Island listens to a chorus of answers instead of a single "here, sir," during roll and mail calls.

First there are the Grimsleys . . . Privates Wallace D., 17, and Crawford E., 19, of Pampano Beach, Florida.

Next are the Martins . . . Privates Troy F., 19 and Clyde R., 18, of Kings Mountain, N. C.

The Martins have relatives. Nephews and brothers are Privates Harold D., 18, and Eueal Smith, Jr., 20, also of Kings Mountain.

Needless to say, in one platoon of recruits, these relatives are enough to cause a wild mixup.

P.I.O. MCRD
Parris Island, S. C.
END



Official USMC Photo

Pvt. Daniel W. Counterman reads latest sack of mail received from gals all over the country. He claims he doesn't mind the eye strain



Official U. S. Navy Photo

MSgt. Warren L. Gulley and Chief Leonard Kruse renew friendship over a cup of joe. Pair served together more than a decade ago



△
Rudy Gwin
Cherry Point
Welterweight

◇
Harold Conklin
Quantico, Va.
Featherweight



◇
Al Hood
Cherry Point
Light Middle

all-service boxing

**Marines won three titles
and second place in bouts**

THE first Inter-Service Boxing Tournament in the history of the Armed Forces was held this spring at the Naval Training Center, Bainbridge, Md. Forty top boxers, representing the four services, met to slug it out for individual world service titles and the team championship.

The Army captured first place with 36 points, six champions and one runner-up. Second place went to the Marines with three winners, a runner-up and 24 points. The Navy had one champion and four runners-up for 22 points, while the Air Force trailed in fourth place with three runners-up and 18 points.

The top ten pugilists of each service had won the right to represent their branch in world-wide elimination bouts which preceded the big tournament.

The All-Marine tournament was held at Cherry Point, N. C., April 13-17. Only eight of the ten Marine champions participated in the Inter-Service bouts. Patrick McMurtry, light heavyweight champion and outstanding Marine boxer, and Walter Byars, featherweight champion, were sidelined with training injuries.

Harold Conklin, featherweight runner-up, substituted for the injured Byars and won the world service title. Conklin won the title from Bob Tenequer, USA, on a default. Tenequer, injured in his opening bout, was unable to compete in the final bout. Conklin won his opening fight with a TKO over Archie Horton, USN, in 2.09 of the second round. Conklin dropped Horton early in the second for a count of eight with a hard right to the jaw. Conklin shifted his attack to the body, then came back to the head and again dropped the groggy Horton with a right to the face. The referee stopped the fight and awarded Conklin a TKO.

Rudy Gwin, 1952 All-Navy and 1953

Atlantic Fleet and All-Marine champion, added the world's welterweight crown to his collection with a split decision victory over the Air Force's Henry White. Gwin had to move inside White's long reach to pound out a decision. White tried to keep Gwin away with left jabs to the face but the Cherry Point fighter continually moved in close to slam rights and lefts to the body and face. Gwin proved the more aggressive against a very willing mixer. The fight was fairly even through the first two rounds. In the third round Gwin went to work in an attempt to score a KO. Gwin moved in close and again pummeled White's face with hard lefts and rights. White almost went down from a hard smash to the jaw, but he came back with a flurry of rights and lefts to the body and face of Gwin. Gwin returned the savage onslaught and White was taking punishment when the bell ended the fight.

Gwin won the right to meet White in the finals with a smashing unanimous decision over the Navy's Rudy Sawyer. Both fighters spent the first round feeling one another out. The second and third rounds followed the same pattern with Gwin forcing the fighting, moving inside and pounding Sawyer's body and face with a two-fisted attack. Sawyer kept jabbing away with his left hand, seeking an opening for his readily cocked right

hand. Several times he jolted Gwin with a smash to the face but the Marine always came back with more rights and lefts.

Al Hood won the light middleweight crown with a unanimous decision over Howard Davis, USAF. Both fighters were cautious in the first round, swapping light jabs to the face and body. Hood opened the second round with a hard left hook to the chin and followed with a right and left to the body, then a hard right to the head. A hard left hand blow by Hood drew blood from Davis' nose. In the third round Hood pounded a hard left and right to the jaw, shifted his attack to the body and moved back to the face to drive Davis against the ropes. Davis was hanging there when the final round ended.

Richard Hill was the only Marine to lose a decision in the finals of the tournament. Hill lost a unanimous decision to Bill Tate, USN, who was adjudged the outstanding boxer in the tournament. In the first round Hill and Tate stacked up evenly with the nod, if any, going to Hill. In the second and third round Tate displayed his boxing and punching skill to stay out in front of Hill and take the decision. Hill, game all the way, tried desperately to counter-punch his way to victory over an aggressive foe. Middleweight Tate was the Navy's only champion.

Hill won his semi-final bout with the fastest knockout of the tournament. He dropped the Navy's Charles Butler for the count in 56 seconds of the first round.

Six of the ten-man Marine team lost bouts on opening night, but on every occasion the opponent worked for his win. The Corps made a proud showing with its representatives in the first Inter-Service tournament. The aggressiveness, willful mixing and courage of the Marine fighters was traditional.

by MSgt. Thurston A. Willis
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Illustrated by
Corp. R. C. Southee
Leatherneck Staff Artist

END

FREEDOM VILLAGE

[continued from page 23]

eight o'clock that night when the job was finished. In 36 hours, almost to the minute, the exchange camp had been set up.

As fast as the heavy equipment cleared an area, other Marines moved into the spot to begin construction. Huge long tents were raised; through these the liberated POWs would be processed on an assembly-line basis.

The tents were stretched over prefabricated trestle frames. Not a tent pole was in sight. This left more working space within each tent. The tents were then partitioned into cubicles.

The decks were tamped gravel. The entire area outside was covered with crushed rock to off-set any possibility of mud. Major Robert T. Moore, Jr., Operations Officer for the 1st Engineer Bn., estimates that this one job alone used enough rock to cover approximately five miles of roads.

To keep down dust the Engineers sprinkled the area—and the dust-laden Korean roads around it—with calcium chloride. This chemical tends to pull the moisture to the ground, assuring a dust-free area.

Sanitation points were spotted throughout both areas. Six huge generators were moved into place. Flood lights were installed for emergency "round-the-clock" operation. Stretchers and stretcher stands went into the tents. Messing equipment and supplies were moved into the galleys. Writing tables and chairs were set in place. Five 50-foot flag poles—all hand made—were raised.

As the areas started to take shape, a number of the Marines moved in and began to set up hospital areas. Originally their plan had called for just the processing centers themselves. They had planned on flying the returning POWs to already established hospitals nearby. However, under the change, one hospital was set up in each of the areas. These Mobile Army Surgical Hospitals were manned by Army doctors and nurses. ROK medical personnel manned their hospital.

Each hospital got wooden decks from the Marine Engineers. In all, 8000 square feet of deck was set down by the construction men. Eight miles of barbed wire was then strung in a single apron fence around both areas.

The engineers knew these centers could handle about 1500 people every 24 hours. At that time the Commies

hadn't announced the number of United Nations' prisoners they were releasing.

This miracle of construction was done with only a handful of people. During one day of the work about two platoons of "A" Co., 1st Shore Party Bn., were used. The rest of the time only little more than one platoon was needed.

The First Division was still fighting a war and the remainder of the Engineer Bn., was supporting that fight.

The big work was done six days before the UN and Communist negotiators signed the final draft to the agreement liberating sick and wounded POWs. The Marines were ready.

On April 20 the first liberated men passed through the gates at "Freedom Village"—the name the Marines had given their construction miracle. The first day's sick and wounded crossed the line at Panmunjom—the actual exchange point—in two groups of 50 each. They were immediately rushed to Freedom Village where Marines met



them. Each prisoner who came in had a Marine escort. Litter patients found themselves lifted off the Army ambulance and carried through the processing by Marines.

The ambulatory patients had a strong Marine shoulder to lean on during the brief processing. These Marines stayed with their individual charges until the patients were turned over to the hospital staff.

The litter patients were first carried to a decontamination tent; from there they were carried to receiving tents handling the different nationalities. Personnel cards were checked against each individual.

Marines then carried those men who expressed a desire to talk to the press into the press tent. Each man was asked if he would like to talk to newsmen. Some merely said they had nothing to say; these were not interviewed.

After the interviews the litter patients were taken to the adjoining hospitals

and placed in the hands of Army medical personnel.

The ambulatory patients went through much the same procedure. They were issued new clothing by the Marines to replace the Commie-issued blue uniforms. This happened just after they had finished the decontamination process and a short preliminary physical examination. They were then escorted to the galleys in the tents where coffee, soup and cigarettes were provided. They could spend as much time here as they desired and while they were relaxing, chaplains of all faiths chatted with them.

Many visited the adjoining chapel to ask for spiritual guidance after coming through their trying ordeal.

Again, as with the litter patients, some of the men visited the press tent. Before a battery of cameras and lights, portions of their stories were recorded. From here they went to the hospitals.

Many were the tales of horror told by these POWs. Although time will erase some of their suffering they will never fully forget the anguish and torture they experienced.

Marine Corporal Eddie Vidal was captured last year during the savage battle for the "Hook". When he talked to newsmen at Freedom Village he was a little hesitant in answering. "For the protection of the boys back there, I don't want to tell all about it," he said.

Although he said there were no cases of brutality that he had actually witnessed, he had heard quite a few tales about the poor treatment of the prisoners.

Some of the returning prisoners broke into tears as they finally realized they were again free men. Others, stony faced, leaned heavily on the escorting Marines' shoulders as they were guided through the processing lines.

But when they sat down at the galley tables they seemed to fully relax. For some it was their first American cigarette since their capture. They were never rushed; they could sit at the table sipping coffee and smoking as long as they wished. Most of them, however, were eager to go. They wanted to separate themselves from the processing areas as soon as possible.

From the neighboring hospitals they were taken to Seoul where they boarded huge transport planes for Tokyo and further hospitalization. From Tokyo they were flown to America via Hawaii.

Now the once-hectic swap zone is serene. At Freedom Village the personnel who manned it, the press, officials and sightseers have drifted away. The Village has turned into an unused city. It will probably remain that way until it can serve its ideal purpose—the processing center for all returning United Nations POWs.

END

NAPLES, ITALY

[continued from page 29]

Europe. Inexpensive weekends can be spent in Rome, the Isle of Capri or Sorrento. At Capri, the ultimate can be found in swimming, tennis and outdoor sports. Small tourist villas dot the Island, with the top tourist attraction, Gracie Field's plush villa, Canzone Del Mara—Song of the Sea.

Longer leaves are granted to men who want to tour the continent or spend a definite period in Paris, London, Switzerland, Spain or Germany. Sergeant Sebastian J. Fusto, of Medford, Mass., recently completed a 15-day tour of Germany, Switzerland and Northern Italy, at a cost of little more than \$125. Stateside leaves are granted only in emergencies, but the detachment seems content to look over the Old World.

For the less adventurous, there are the year 'round local sights of interest. The ruins of Pompeii, the old king's palace, museums, art galleries, zoos and amusement parks are all part of the Neapolitan picture. In addition to the

opera, there are always musical presentations somewhere in the city.

Life for the married men of the detachment and their families is a bit on the rugged side. Most American families in Naples live in Italian-owned apartments and homes. Rents are high, and in many cases, priced far beyond the Stateside equivalent. An average apartment rents in the 80 to 100 dollar price class, sans utilities and unfurnished. Electricity under the Italian system of reckoning, will hoist the bill another 35 to 50 dollars each month. Heat is provided in most cases by portable kerosene stoves.

A small PX in the ComSubComNelm building, and a central commissary and PX supply the needs of Naval personnel in the Naples area. Local milk at 30 cents a quart and staple foods are stocked in the commissary; cigarettes, toilet articles and clothing can be purchased in the PX. A unique mail order system at the Post Exchange can produce anything from a can of peas to a sky blue Cadillac.

There are no rifle range facilities in Naples; this year the entire detachment fired at an Army range at Trieste. They were flown to Trieste in groups of 30, returning to Naples by train after the firing. Basic weapons were fired for record, and pistols, machine guns,

grenades and bazookas were fired on the familiarization range.

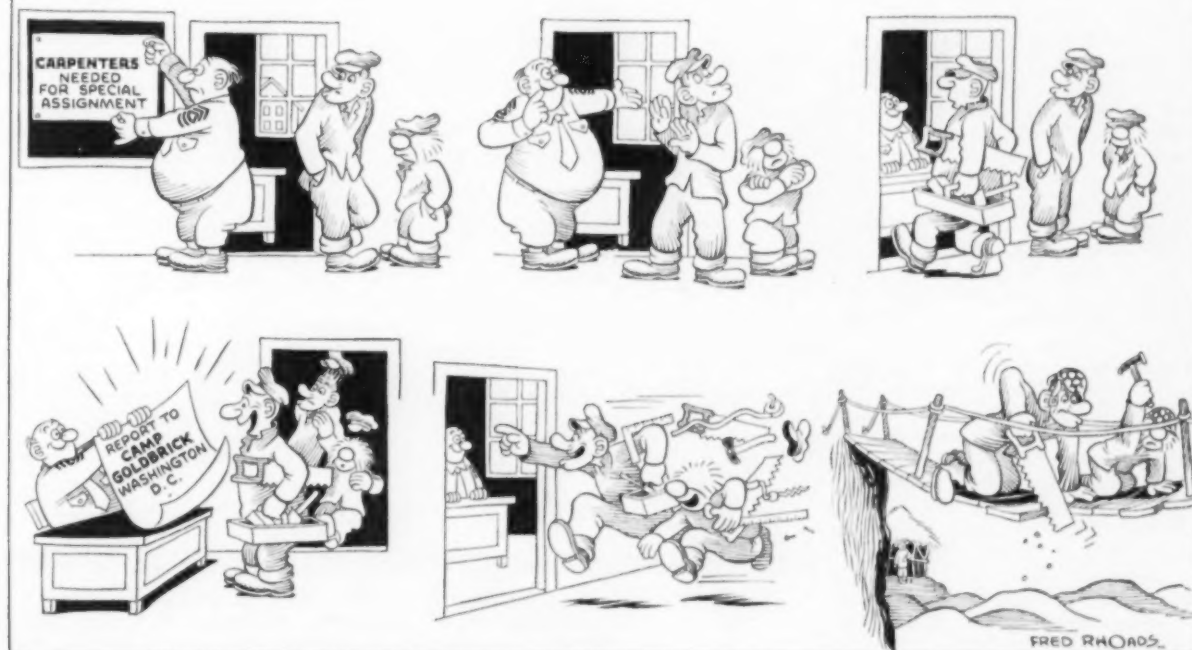
The handful of Marines in Naples are front row spectators to a situation which confronts much of Europe today. Prior to World War II, Naples was a bustling industrial city of more than 90,000. It was world famous for its ship yards, chemical works and superb craftsmanship. More than 300 bombing raids demolished the Naples industrial area, and although rebuilding has been rapid and few of the scars of war appear on the surface, big industry has not returned to Naples. There is large scale unemployment and wages are low and unstable.

At Christmas in 1952, the U.S. Military in Naples banded together to raise a fund of more than \$3000 for medical supplies to be used for the homeless crowded into caves, stables and makeshift hovels. Naval personnel provided a traditional Christmas dinner for Italian children at the Navy mess.

For Naples, whose history dates back more than 2500 years, the road to stability and recovery is long and bumpy. The actions of the U.S. personnel stationed at Naples have gone a long way in proving American sympathy and understanding. And the U.S. Marines in Naples are playing their role in the big picture. **END**

GIZMO and

TALENT



KIMPO

[continued from page 19]

Middle School, located across the street from the Med Company, while he was in command of the company. Courses leaned heavily on English and the American way of life. After Lieut. McGeary was rotated the classes were taken over by HM2 Richard H. Devoe, a former teacher in civilian life. Classes were expanded and Devoe is now also conducting classes in the Ton-Jin Middle School, for the Korean teachers there.

Feeding the patients at this hospital is an easy matter. Most of the Korean patients have their chow brought into them from their homes; those who aren't fed in this manner receive rations

that are supplied under the close supervision of Captain Robert W. Lowe and Master Sergeant John T. Gaskin of the Regimental S-4 section.



Those patients fed by the Marines get the same chow as the Marines. For ambulatory patients, a mess hall chow is made available. Those who are unable to come to the mess hall receive

either hot "C" rations or the better grade Korean chow.

Along with the food problem the section under Capt. Lowe handles paymaster and quartermaster duties for the Korean troops and laborers. Trying to decide who is on a roster on which 75 percent of the persons are named "Kim" is not an easy task.

Col. Crockett is extremely proud of his unique organization. Because of its very complexity, Col. Crockett feels that his job could never become routine. Recently he said, "Never in my many years of service have I seen an organization with so many branches of the service represented all under one command. Each and every branch is doing its job to make this a United Nations regiment. No matter where I go after this command, I will never expect to see or command such a conglomeration of troops. I'm proud of this command." **END**



paused to watch the maneuver. A "semi" driver had told him how to do it.

But there's only one way to learn how to back up. Get into the car and try it. The results are sometimes frustrating but more often amusing.

One maiden trailer trip concerned a sergeant about to be transferred from Lejeune to El Toro, Calif. Worried about the possibility of his motor overheating while dragging the trailer across scorching deserts, he rigged a five-gallon can of water in the trailer with a hose leading to the motor and a pressure valve tied into the dashboard. Idea was that the extra H₂O would increase the water circulation, bathe the engine more thoroughly and stop it from boiling over. The idea worked.

It's a risk for anyone to stay inside the trailer while it is moving. One Pfc, who would rather remain anonymous, tried to hook up while his wife was inside packing. He overshot the hitch and jarred the trailer, dislodging a shelf-load of books which clobbered the better half. When he walked into the trailer, she was on the deck—out cold.

Navy Lieutenant William A. Swets, a chaplain serving with Marine Air Group 14 at Cherry Point, N. C., can

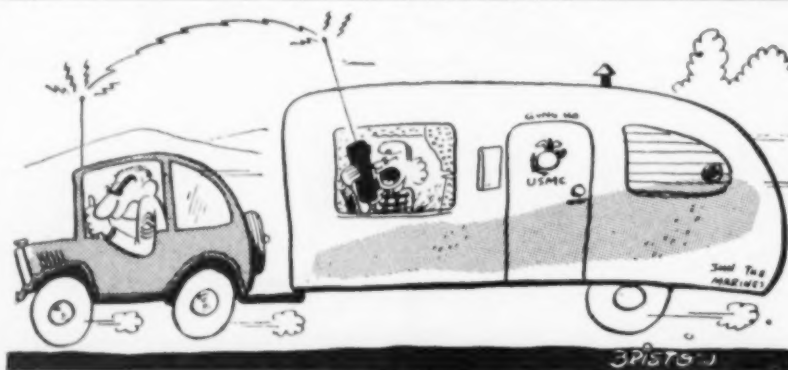
debate with anyone who says a home on wheels isn't for folks with children. After he volunteered for active duty, the chaplain resorted to a trailer when his wife and six children voted to keep the family together. The close quarters of their 35-foot coach gives them a chance to practice good table manners, Mrs. Swets says. Reveille means getting up in shifts, but after eight months in a trailer, they feel life in an ordinary house just wouldn't be the same.

Another parent, Technical Sergeant Howard J. Memmer, adjusted his

trailer to accommodate his two youngsters by removing the standard-sized beds amidship and installing twin cribs.

Trailerites boast one advantage grounded home owners can't enjoy. If they aren't particularly smitten by their present neighborhood (or neighbors) they can pick up and change scenery. Packing is simple. Fragile gear is laid on the living room sofa. A pillow placed in the cupboard will prevent dishes from breaking. Unhook the electricity, fuel oil and plumbing. That's it. The routine takes about an hour and a half.

Trailer dwellers will discuss the merits of life on wheels for hours while maintaining that there isn't any "bad" side. Free time is usually devoted to converting "outsiders" to mobile living. Trailer life can be fun, but not if you've got claustrophobia. **END**



"Able Chevy One, this is Able Chevy Two . . .
Don't go so fast . . . Watch that stop sign . . .
Look out for that car in front of you . . ."

Linda Christian



DESERT ROCK V

[continued from page 35]

preparing to rush forward and leapfrog the men into the forward area.

"It was amazing," Major Homer L. Daniel, commander of Helicopter Squadron 163, said. "Everything turned a ghostly white . . . even our dark blue aircraft."

"Yes, that's right," Master Sergeant Merrill Williams, helicopter pilot who was hovering off the ground at the time, confirmed. Then he added, "We had just about given up the shock wave and assumed there wouldn't be any, when it hit. Surprisingly, it was no stronger than a gust of wind kicked up by a conventional artillery piece."

As the light and shock wave passed out of the area, on to the mountains and eventually reaching more than 800 miles, a giant fireball, red, white and orange, rose from the ground in the exact center of the impact area and churned skyward. It was visible for a full six seconds, boiling and twisting upward. When the light dimmed, observers could see the start of the mushroom cloud forming over the long column of dust now stretching well over 30,000 feet.

Minutes later the helicopters were at their assigned spot, picking one company of Marines from the line and flying them to within 2000 yards of the dust column's tail.

Simultaneously, the troops came out of their trenches and saw the utter destruction caused by the heat of the atomic device in their area. Hundreds of Joshua trees were burning like Roman candles. A graphic illustration of the safety of their trenches was the fiery torch—a tree seconds ago—burning furiously just 150 yards in front of the most forward line of trenches. It not only burned on the side toward the blast but was encircled by hungry flames.

When the Brigade started moving forward toward ground zero it was hampered by the huge dust cloud that clung to the ground and limited visibility to less than 50 yards. One battalion was stopped by monitors carrying Geiger counters before it had moved 500 yards. The troop laden 'copters ran into the same trouble and had to make another pass around the landing spot before the radiological teams could declare the area safe.

Strong winds attacked the column beneath the mushroom cloud now wearing a cap of ice and bent the column into a letter "S". The upper wind currents, which may have caused some

alarm to the AEC officials, then whipped the column into a sharp "Z" indicating there had been some shift in the wind. The danger that some freak in nature's makeup might cause the radioactive cloud to blow back over the troops is always present in these tests, despite the precautionary measures taken.

On the ground the troops continued their advance; here, too, the winds helped to clear away the dust cloud hanging over their heads and "cooled" the ground, making it possible to set up the observation tour of the equipment staked out in the impact area.

A public information officer stated all the Marine equipment in the forward area was usable prior to the detonation and none of it was placed in the impact area just to be demolished. It was set in predetermined spots where it would suffer some damage from heat, shock, and radioactivity. This damage would be analyzed by the Armed Forces Special Weapons Project and from their findings would come better protected combat gear. Uniforms and clothing were also tested in the same manner to determine what protection they afforded against flash-burns and radioactivity.

The sheep used in the maneuver helped demonstrate the protection given by different types of trenches and other protective devices. Rats and mice, along with rabbits and other animals came in for their share of attention in studies along bio-medical lines.

As the Marines continued their inspection of equipment in the forward area the atomic cloud, as if satisfied with the havoc it had wrought, sailed along in a southeasterly direction, passing a scant 25 miles to the northeast of Las Vegas. As long as the man made cloud held any resemblance to nature's nebula it would be followed by planes and instruments of the AEC. In a past test the radioactive cloud was tracked across Nevada into Utah, over Colorado, southern Ohio and finally disappearing over the Atlantic Ocean.

Just a few minutes after the blast the Atomic Energy Commission's office in Las Vegas released a news bulletin

that "a nuclear device was exploded atop a 300-foot tower at 4:35 a.m." For security reasons the size, shape and destructive power of the device is never revealed. But civilian observers and newspaper correspondents who climb to the top of Mt. Charleston, 55 miles from the blast site for every detonation, claim the Marines' big blast was the largest ever set off in the United States. The unofficial observers, looking down a long corridor between mountain ranges directly to the test site, could see the fireball in its full glory. They could and did look directly at the flash at the moment of exploding and suffered no ill effects. The many who braved the below freezing temperature stood in a 35-mile an hour wind for more than an hour in order not to miss the biggest fireworks display ever staged before, on or after the fourth of July. Like the bird watchers and flying saucer clubs, this hardy group has climbed the 8000-foot peak for every blast announced beforehand by the AEC.

Along with the Marines, they have the utmost respect for the atom bomb or, as the AEC would like to have it called, nuclear device. Its devastating force was easily discernible from the mountain top and clearly outlined the area that could be destroyed by one enemy bomb.

The Marines, some 53 miles closer, had even a more vivid impression. The shot tower wiped from the desert floor, its steel girders vaporized, and the flaming Joshua tree just 150 yards to their front told what might have happened to them without the protection of the trench.

These and many other actual illustrations will leave a lasting impression on the 2200 Marines in the weeks and months to come as they spread the word within their parent organizations that the atom bomb is deadly—but that you can live through an atomic attack.

One Marine said after returning to Camp Desert Rock:

"In boot camp they told me my best friend was my rifle. Great, but that ol' M-1 has got a friend, too—a nice deep foxhole!"

END





"In keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service"

Citations and Awards For Service in Korea.



THE NAVY CROSS

"... for extraordinary heroism..."

2dLt. George W. Alexander, Jr.
2dLt. Charles G. Little
TSgt. Quinton T. Barlow
Pfc Robert E. Beatty

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

"... exceptionally meritorious service to the Government..."

Major General Clayton C. Jerome

SILVER STAR MEDAL

"... for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity against the enemy..."

Major Joseph L. Freitas, Jr.
Major George E. Jenkins
Capt. Robert E. Benton
Capt. Elmer R. Foster
Capt. Frederick C. McLaughlin
2dLt. Bruce E. Biel
2dLt. William K. Joyce
2dLt. Robert T. Kennelly
2dLt. Stanly H. Rauh
2dLt. Emile A. Walker
TSgt. Robert White
SSgt. John E. Hoffman
Sgt. Rudolph R. Gustafson
Sgt. Walter M. Muray
Sgt. Robert H. Pierce
Sgt. Clarence Wilkins, Jr.
Sgt. Stanley O. Woodyard
Corp. James D. Barrone
Corp. Arthur Brumagen
Corp. Leonard B. Davison
Corp. Patrick T. McGonagle (Posthumous)
Corp. Anthony J. Mucci (Posthumous)
Pfc John H. Baldwin
Pfc Elbert Bunch (Posthumous)
Pfc William P. Riley
Pfc Francis P. Soucie (Posthumous)
Pfc Clyde J. Steel
Pfc Edward J. Taggart (Posthumous)
Pfc Gene F. Thomas
Pfc Jackson B. Walls

LEGION OF MERIT

"... for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the Government of the United States..."

"Gold Star in lieu of ... award"

Major General Clayton C. Jerome (Second Award)
Col. Douglas E. Reeve (Second Award)

LEGION OF MERIT (First Award)

Brigadier General Frank H. Lamson-Scribner
Col. George S. Bowman, Jr.
Col. Robert W. Clark
Col. John P. Coursey
Col. Jack R. Cram
Col. William F. Prickett
LtCol. Jess P. Ferrill, Jr.
LtCol. Lewis A. Jones
LtCol. Glenn R. Long
Major Richard M. Remington

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

"... for heroism while participating in aerial flights..."

"Gold Star in lieu of ... award"

Major Francis C. Jennings (5th Award)
1stLt. John W. Andre (5th award)
LtCol. Arthur N. Nehf, Jr. (4th Award)
Major Charles H. Church, Jr. (4th Award)
Capt. Dwight E. Mayo (4th award)
Major Frederick E. Hughes (3rd award)
Major Merle A. Kime (3rd Award)
Major Richard McMahon (3rd Award)
Major Alfred T. Moret, Jr. (3rd award)
LtCol. Philip L. Crawford (2d award)
Major Robert J. Larsen (2nd Award)
Major J. B. McCullough, Jr. (2nd Award)
Capt. John N. Snapper (2d award)
Capt. Richard L. Watson (2nd Award)
MSgt. Ralph J. Tubbs (2d award)

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (First Award)

Col. George S. Bowman, Jr.
Col. John P. Coursey
LtCol. Manual Brilliant
LtCol. Maurice W. Fletcher
Major James Aldworth
Major Albert J. Bibee
Major Charles E. Dave
Major John M. Dufford
Major George E. Jenkins
Major Hillary F. Kelly
Major Robert L. Lamar
Major Robert E. Rickles
Major Milford V. Seaman
Major Orville R. Swick
Capt. Douglas Call, Jr.
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1stLt. Joseph A. Corvi
1stLt. Edgar K. Jacks
1stLt. James G. Marts, III
1stLt. Robert C. McKay
1stLt. Joel D. Sugg, Jr.
1stLt. Ralph D. Wallace
2dLt. William K. Hutchings
2dLt. James W. Kirk
2dLt. Charles H. Noble, Jr.
2dLt. Arthur S. Ohlgren
2dLt. Donald L. Parks
2dLt. Hugo A. Raccuia, Jr.
2dLt. John J. Unterkofler
MSgt. Dan R. George

NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL

"... for heroic conduct..."

Corp. Terrell R. Rouiston (Posthumous)
Pfc Shannon G. Wells

END



FEET

[continued from page 49]

"That's what they say, Sarge, but that ain't all."

What really had Jones worried was his brother, who he had heard was in an Army outfit up the line a way. He was afraid the brother might do something heroic while he was back in reserve.

I offered Jones sympathy, but there wasn't much else I could do.

"They should have some boondockers for you in a couple of weeks," I said hopefully as I shoved off.

Then I had other matters to think about. The gooks kept sending out combat patrols that seemed to have a special hankering to hit our sector. It took us two weeks to find out why, from a prisoner. It seems a new Chinese brass hat wanted to see for himself how tough the U.S. Marines really were.

The Old Man was worried. We had been having supply troubles, and right then we were pretty low on ammo. If the Commies hit us in any strength, we'd have it rough.

In the middle of all this, Lefty-Lefty Jones showed up again in his bright new boondockers. He had found his brother. The brother hadn't won any medals yet, and Jones was anxious to beat him to it, especially since he had only a few days left. He expected me to come up with a scheme that would win him the Medal of Honor.

"Okay, Jones," I said, trying to get rid of him for a while. "Here's what you do. Go out and scare those gooks into leaving us alone long enough to get some decent sacktime. And get it done tonight."

Instead of sulking, Jones appeared to like the idea fine.

"Thanks, Sarge," he beamed, "that's just what I'll do."

He took off at high port. Sometime later the enemy started pounding our positions with everything they had.

I don't know when Jones returned, because by that time the ball had taken a bad bounce for me and I was in a rear area aid station with a few shell fragments in my leg. A couple of days afterwards, who should be brought in but Capt. Wilson, with the same kind of ailment, and he had a wonderful story to tell:

The Chinese had been planning to hit us all right, but at the last minute they chickened out. A trembling P.O.W. explained: the gook scuttlebutt was going around that now the Marines were seven or eight feet tall, and some

were as big as horses, with four feet, at that. They had figured all this out from the size and spacing of some strange footprints found in a muddy gully near their positions.

"Wait a minute, Captain," I protested. "Four feet? You mean Lefty-Lefty..."

"Exactly," grinned Capt. Wilson, "but his..."

"Wait a minute! Those two left footprints would confuse the gooks, but how could it scare them?"

"Because you've heard only half the story. You see, it turned out that Lefty-Lefty's brother is his twin. Only, guess what? The brother has two RIGHT feet, he's a corporal, and the Army's classified him top secret, and they call him..."

"No!" I moaned. "I don't believe it!"

"Righty-Righty. I saw them with my own eyes. And do you know how the Jones boys did it? They met that night at the mouth of this gully and dog-trotted together for a few hundred feet. Made it look like..."

"Don't tell me, Captain! I'm going Asiatic now!"

"Okay, but there's more. They were out there alone, and their dangerous mission stopped the enemy from attacking. Both I and the Army commander wanted to recommend the twins for the Silver Star. But we can't, because both the Army and the Marine Corps want to keep the feet business secret."

"Nobody'd believe it anyhow, Captain," I shrugged.

"No, Sergeant," he agreed, "nobody would believe it."

END



"As a matter of fact you're both late. You'll never guess who has already landed!"

TAHITI FIRE WALK

[continued from page 43]

scientist—a white man who could explain the phenomenon I had experienced. The baffled expression on every face disappointed me.

But experiments in heat and its effects on the human body have been conducted recently at the University of California in Los Angeles. They were supervised by Dr. Craig Taylor, physiologist and engineer, at the request of the U.S. Government. These were an entirely different matter from pyrolatry, or worship of fire. The Government wanted to know one very important thing where Army, Navy, and Marine jet plane pilots were concerned: What were the potentialities of the pilots being roasted alive in a friction-heated cockpit?

Supersonic craft, powered by jet propulsion, need refrigeration systems to keep the cockpits comfortable and bearable. What would happen to the pilot or pilots, if the cooling equipment failed while the runaway jet screamed through the sky? Would the pilot collapse at the controls? Would he have to bail out in the stratosphere, or would he be literally baked alive in the cockpit? Could he stay at the controls, enduring the terrific heat, until he was able to slow down the plane?

This was a big order, but Professor Taylor was determined to find out what would happen to a human in a jet plane in flight if the cooling system conked out. He made, with the help of his assistants, a testing furnace in the form of a huge steel cylinder, provided with a strong fan to suck in dry air across an outside battery of white-hot electric grids. The first human guinea-pigs remained in the hot-box until the heat passed the boiling point of water (212 degrees, F). These student volunteers in the heat experiment came out a little groggy and florid faced, but quite "uncooked."

Professor Taylor reserved the final and decisive tests for himself. His hands, feet and neck were protected before being wheeled into the cylinder whose temperature read 230 degrees, F. He remained in this overheated atmosphere for 15 and one-fourth minutes, until the heat climbed to 262 degrees, F. While in there an egg fried on a metal fry-pan in front of him. The only uncomfortable effects he suffered were a red face when the hot blasts of air hit it, and a contraction of the nasal membranes; apart from these discomforts he experienced no dire physical or mental agonies.

His answer was simple and to the point: The human body's resistance to heat is its own cooling system which nature has so advantageously provided—perspiration and mucus secretions. He proved that the moisture evaporating from the skin provides part of the body with a layer of cool air. A "desert waterbag" hanging on the outside of a car while travelling keeps the water cool from its own evaporation of moisture through the porous canvas.

While inside the hot-box Professor Taylor learned that at one time when the register of heat was at 236 degrees, F., air three quarters of an inch from his nose was 226 degrees, F. The skin of the nose itself registered a safe 119.5 degrees, F. Air drawn into the nostrils was cooled down to 100 degrees F., which certainly could not injure the lungs. The general temperature of his body rose only a couple of degrees.

But the Professor did emphasize the danger to jet pilots in over-heated cockpits of the raised temperature of the blood being conveyed to the brain cells. This would give the pilots of jet planes the surest indication of approaching heat prostration if the cool-



ing equipment broke down. He also pointed out that man's fear of heat is chiefly a mental torture. Humans, no matter if they are pilots in friction-heated cockpits of jet planes or unfortunate victims trapped in burning buildings or ships, can overcome high registers of heat by rational, well-organized attitudes of self-preservation. Fright or over-excitement can raise the temperature of the blood many degrees.

Later, another test was made to learn the effects of heat on the minds and bodies of infantry troops in desert fighting, where the daytime temperature averaged 116 degrees. An experimental station, comparable to heat and humidity conditions of other deserts in the world, was set up at the Yuma, Arizona Test Station, where the stress and strain on the men under intolerable heat could be gauged on a treadmill, which, housed in a hot-box, was promptly labelled "The Idiot Box." Eighteen human guinea-pigs were put in relays on the squirrel run, and the heat turned on, well above 116 degrees. After a long session on the getting-nowhere hike, the men were taken out and urged on a double-time march,

with and without packs, ordered to grub out foxholes, perform experimental tactical problems, during which time their pulses, weights and temperatures were taken at regular intervals.

The findings were illuminating: the body took from five days to two weeks to adapt itself to the heat. During this time the skin became accustomed to perspiring more advantageously, losing a minimum of salt; more blood circulated to the skin, thereby cooling itself; and the men learned to move slowly and retain energy. It was found, too, that a man subjected to this heat, can sweat more than two quarts of water an hour, which is about 48 times more than the average loss in a temperate climate. It was recommended that infantry troops exposed to desert heat should drink as much water as they want, notwithstanding the old campaign concept of "water discipline," which permitted only a rare, maddening swallow. Also, salt tablets were abandoned in the Yuma test in preference to a normal amount of salt in the meals.

The men expended much of their body heat upward to the open sky. They were cooler on the open desert than in a wash or in the bottom of a dune-ravine, or even in their tents. If a tent is used at all, it should serve simply to arrest the sun's rays or deflect them. The standard weight of the pack was too heavy for desert operations. The men became 24-carat moaners about their chow, refusing such popular items as greasy pork chops and oil-soaked, mayonnaise-gooed salads. Some beat their gums for more fruit juices and light foods; many lost their appetites altogether. Most of the men had restless sack duty during the constant heat, and became irritable, argumentative, complaining, downright ornery and hard to handle. This last item of "hard to handle" didn't seem to surprise any of the Army and Marine observers.

The firewalkers of Raiatea, Japan, Fiji, India and Africa have had no indoctrination in the scientific principles of heat. Therefore, it is quite understandable that they would look to a mystic source for an explanation of their safe walks across fire pits. Certainly, the Umuti of Raiatea is a remarkable feat. The fact cannot be discounted that hot rocks and not hot air comes into contact with the flesh of the participants. I think Professor Taylor would have to admit that Chief Terii's ceremony is quite different from the one he conducted.

And I have to remind myself that no scientist has completely explained to my entire satisfaction how I crossed the fiery pit at Raiatea without so much as a blistered toe.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 9]

IN DOUBT

Dear Sir:

In regard to your letter in the "Sound Off" column (May, 1953, issue) to Mr. A. Limey of Ottumwa, Iowa, I believe units of the First Marine Brigade from N.O.B. Londonberry, Ireland, participated in the original assault on Oran, North Africa, in the E.T.O. Perhaps the Historical Section, HQMC, will verify this.

James W. Erwin
1211 Webb St.,

Detroit 2, Mich.

● The Historical Section, HQMC, says that the First Marine Brigade was in Iceland during the period 1942-'43. Consequently, it could not have participated in the North African assault.

For further information, we suggest you read Vol. II of "Operation in North African Waters" by Morrison. It is one of a series on the "History of the U. S. Naval Operation in World War II," and is published by Little, Brown and Company of Boston, Mass.—Ed.

COMBAT PAY

Dear Sir:

I was in Korea from August 4, 1951, to April 11, 1952. Would you kindly notify me through your "Sound Off" column what months during that period I would be eligible for the \$45 combat pay?

Sgt. G. E. Burnham, Jr.
12 Daboll Court,
Hoxie, Rhode Island.

● We have no way of determining the amount of combat pay to which you may be entitled. If you were under enemy ground fire for at least six days of any one month while you were in Korea, we suggest you fill out form DD-667 and forward it to the Combat Pay Section, Eastern Pay Area, Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C.—Ed.

TRANSFER

Dear Sir:

I have a problem which I would like for *Leatherneck* to settle for me and a lot of other draftees.

The question is: Can a draftee, who has six years Reserve time to serve upon his discharge, transfer to some other branch of the service without being on active Reserve duty?

I would appreciate it if you would

inform me on the matter via your "Sound Off" column.

Corp. Charles Flowers
4.2 Mortar Co., 1st Marines,
1st Marine Division, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● For full information concerning transfers between Reserve components of the Armed Forces by persons having obligated military service, we suggest you read *Marine Corps General Order No. 119* dated February 6, 1953.—Ed.

ABBREVIATION

Dear Sir:

I have just received my copy of the April issue of *Leatherneck* and something which I have questioned for a long time is the use of Corp. for the

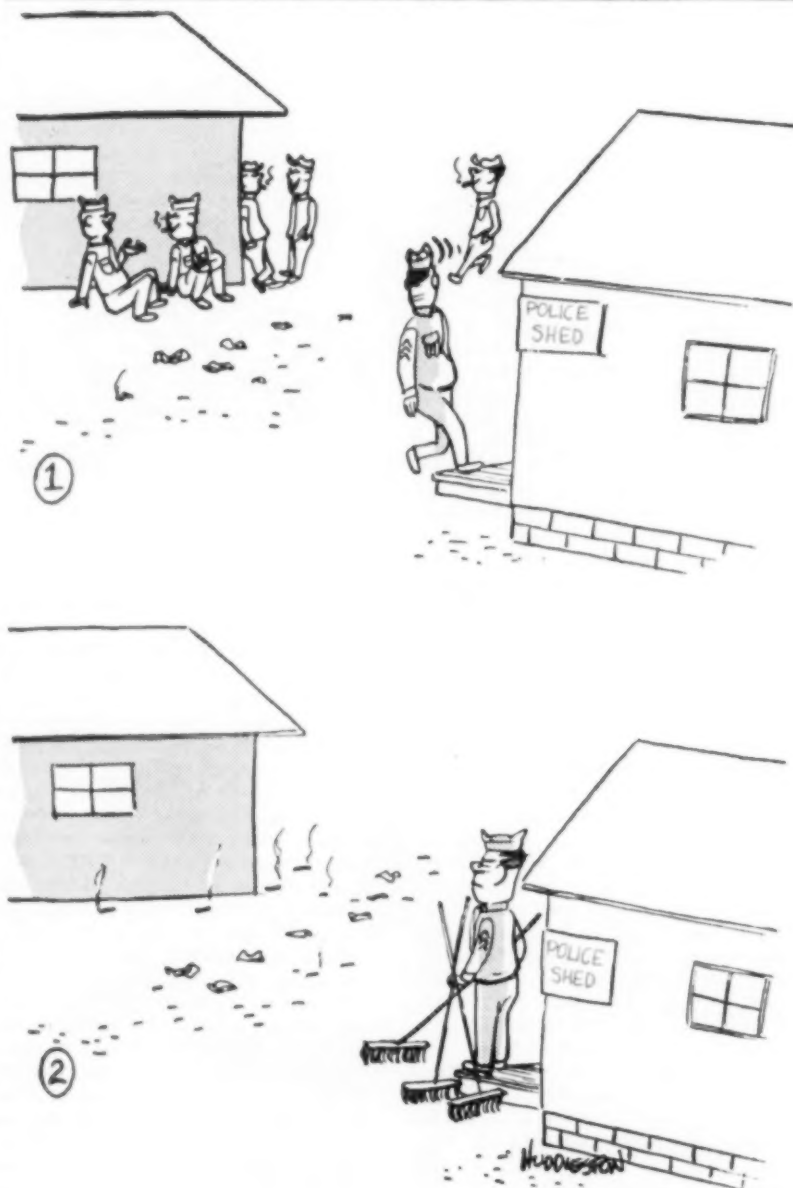
standard abbreviation of Corporal. According to the Navy Correspondence Manual it is listed as Cpl. I deal with the fine points of abbreviation as I work in an administrative section of FMF, Pac., Hq.

Please correct me if there has been an advanced change made that I do not know about.

Sgt. Doris M. Lohorne
H&S Bn., FMF, Pac.,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● The official abbreviation for Corporal is Cpl. However, *Leatherneck's* style book differs slightly from the Navy Correspondence Manual. We suggest that you use official abbreviations in Marine Corps correspondence.—Ed.

END



BULLETIN BOARD

Fleet Reserve Transfer

Effective 1 July 1953, the provisions of paragraph 10409-1, Marine Corps Manual, will again be applicable, and individuals transferring to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve will be released from active duty upon the effective date of transfer. Personnel transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, prior to 1 July 1953, and involuntarily retained on active duty, will be released from active duty on or before this date.

Marine Corps General Order No. 104 carries provisions for the earlier release.

Women Marines

Commanding officers are requested to ensure that Women Marines ordered to duty in Pearl Harbor, T. H., carry with them all items of summer uniforms permissible within the authorized personal luggage allowance. Considerable delay may be expected in receiving shipments of additional personal effects.

VA Dental Treatment

Some Marine veterans applying for dental treatment from the Veterans Administration are finding that they do not qualify for such treatment. This apparently is caused by the fact that some Marines who need dental treatment at the time of discharge or release from active duty decline it in the belief that they can get the necessary treatment from the VA.

In order to qualify for out-patient dental treatment from VA facilities, the veteran must need treatment for a service-connected condition in which dental care is indicated, and must have prior VA authorization for such treatment. In view of this, commanding officers should advise all personnel to obtain any necessary dental work prior to separation.

Premium Waivers

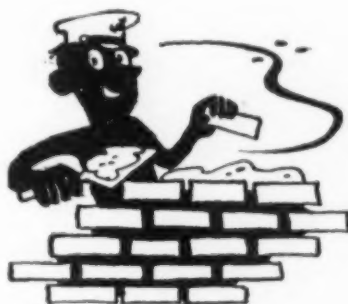
Approximately 9000 allotments for

term plan National Service Life Insurance are still in force.

The principal reason these persons are still paying premiums for term insurance is that apparently they do not understand the advantages of applying for a waiver of premiums, namely:

- By applying for waiver of premiums the man gets exactly the same insurance protection free.
- Such application does not affect the right to resume term plan NSLI on release from active duty and/or separation from service.
- The only difference made in the terms of the contract is that no dividends are paid for the period the waiver is in force.

Personnel who still have allotments in force under the five year level premium term plan should be given the opportunity and urged to request waiver of premium in accordance with Section 622 of Public Law 23, 82nd Congress. To facilitate efforts to reach the men concerned, individual notices will be sent to commanding officers at a later date.



Leave Employment

Commands are authorized to permit personnel to engage in part-time employment in certain essential activities while in an authorized leave or liberty status. The provisions of this policy are contained in SECNAVINST 1050.1 of 4 Feb. 1953 and should be carefully scrutinized before such permission is granted.

Voting Pamphlets

There will be elections in only 17 states in 1953. The 1952 Voting Information Pamphlet should be kept in connection with the 1953 and 1954 elections. Appropriate changes to the Pamphlet will be issued to keep its contents up-to-date. Any commands desiring additional Pamphlets may request them from the Commandant of the Marine Corps (Code DNB).

Taxes

Personnel who wish to do so may effect an additional withholding of tax on service income by submitting a revised Standard Form W-2. Forms may be obtained from and submitted to disbursing officers. This procedure may be used to good advantage by enlisted personnel during a reenlistment year since numerous items which are taxable—such as reenlistment allowance and unused leave—appear on Form W-2 (Withholding Statement) at the end of the calendar year, by which time most personnel have disposed of this extra income.

For example, a married NCO with one child reenlists or intends to reenlist in the near future for four years. At this time he has three exemptions and his pay is being checked monthly for taxes. At the end of the year, however, upon receipt of his Withholding Statement, he will discover that no money was withheld on the items previously mentioned, which were taxable.

The tax liability of all personnel is predicated upon their taxable incomes. Amounts withheld by disbursing officers do not affect taxpayers' responsibilities for filing correct tax returns. In this case, it would seem appropriate for the NCO to revise the number of exemptions claimed on his form W-4 from three to two in order to offset the increased tax which will be due at the end of the year. As an alternative, he could set aside the difference between his actual tax due at the end of the reenlistment year and the amount of tax withheld.

END

BOOKS REVIEWED

MARCH OR DIE. The story of the French Foreign Legion. By Howard Swiggett. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Price \$3.75

According to Howard Swiggett, author of "March or Die," when a Hollywood movie about the French Foreign Legion is run for them, the Legionnaires nearly die of laughter. Marines are familiar with this sort of thing. "March or Die" tries to give the real scoop. The truth is far more interesting, especially to a Marine, than anything put out by Hollywood.

Legionnaires, according to Swiggett, are professional soldiers; they fight well because war is their business. They may not be plaster saints, but neither are they jail bait as most fiction portrays them. Swiggett states, on more than one occasion, his amazement that the Legion fights so well for nothing more than "Mystique"—what Marines would call esprit de corps, Semper Paratus or Gung Ho. He should acquaint himself with the U. S. Marine Corps. Actually, in its mobility and in the type of its operations, the Legion has much in common with the U. S. Marines. The Legion even has its story of the Camerone, read to its units on each anniversary of the battle, much as Marine units hear Chapter 24, Paragraph

24451 of the Marine Corps Manual read to them every November 10.

Marines will find "March or Die" an easy to read account of the history and traditions of this colorful military organization. DLD



A BOOK OF MODERN GHOSTS. Edited by Cynthia Asquith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Price \$3.00

For those who like an eerie tale before dropping off to sleep, Miss Asquith's collection makes a fine addition

to the lamp and ashtray on the night table.

But you won't need a green bulb in your lamp to set the scene for you, for the spirits who haunt this edition are not the usual chain-clankers who float through the dismal mansions of yesterday's ghost stories. They are as modern as airplanes, typewriters and TV; they are a china cat, a ghoulish shark, the devil himself (always modern) and the subway-riding ghost who writes his memoirs with a sense of humor and whimsy.

"A Books of Modern Ghosts" contains a varied selection of ghastly narrative for the reader who wants to top off his dull day with a brief trip to a world of fantasy.

KAS

Book Received

ELIZABETH AND PHILIP. By Geoffrey Bocca. Henry Holt and Company. Price \$3.50

If you think it would be fun to be promoted from a junior officer to number one man of the British Commonwealth you might read this book and see what you would be in for. Queen Elizabeth II and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh have "day-on-stay-on" duty.

This book reduces the formality-surrounded British Monarchy to human terms. DLD
END

MAIL CALL

[continued from page 13]

* Mr. R. Brindisi, 15 Planten Ave., Paterson 2, N. J., to hear from **John L. PAINTER**, reportedly of West Chester, Pa., with whom he served in Hq. Co., 7th Marines, First Marine Division.

* * * * *
Mrs. Robert Hotz, 230 22d St., Marion, Iowa, to hear from her brother, Sgt. **Richard E. ROWELL**, Yermo Annex, Depot of Supplies, Barstow, Calif.

* * * * *
Maj. M. A. Hull, MB, 8th & Eye Sts., SE, Washington, D. C., to contact anyone who was a member of "D" Co., 2d Bn., 7th Marines on November

28, 1950, knowing the identity and whereabouts of the fire team member who survived the assault of an enemy machine gun position in which **Lt. THOMPSON** was killed.

* * * * *
Mrs. Alice Rush, 916 Clover St., South Bend, Ind., to hear from members or relatives of members of "I" Co., 3d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Division in Korea during December, 1950.

* * * * *
Mrs. Virginia Swofford, Enfield, Ill., R. 2, to hear from anyone who served with her brother, **Corp. Marvin E. PRINCE**, "I" Co., 3d Bn., 5th Marines First Marine Division, who was KIA in Korea in September, 1950.

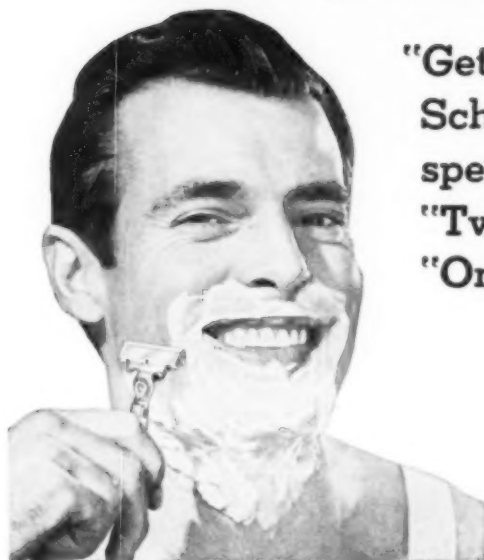
* * * * *
Brooksie B. Culver, HM3, Medical

Department, Marine Wing Service Squadron One, First Marine Aircraft Wing, FMF, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Albert P. JOHNSON**, HN, of Victoria, Texas, who was wounded while serving with the First Marine Division in 1952.

* * * * *
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosch, 3451 41st St., Long Island City, N. Y., to hear from anyone who knew their late son, **Pfc Edward R. BOSCH**, KIA on May 31, 1952 while serving with "D" Co., 2d Bn., 7th Marines.

* * * * *
Mr. Denton R. Moore, Kokhanok Bay, Alaska, to hear from former **Pfc Owen CHAIN**, whom he met aboard the USS *Feland*, March 5, 1945 off Iwo Jima. At that time, Pfc Chain was serving with the 21st Marines, Third Marine Division. END

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